WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar

SOAP

Is now known as the

Soldiers' Soap.

It

Soothes, Protects, Heals.

Bournemouth,

Dear Sirs, *April 6th, 1916.*

I am sending [illegible] extract from my son's letter (he is on active [illegible] somewhere in France). I was asking if I should [illegible] powder, and his reply is: "DON'T SE[illegible]ERMIN POWDER. THANKS; I USE WR[illegible] TAR SOAP. THAT'S A EFFECTIVE [illegible] MORE PLE[illegible]"

It seems [illegible] and spontaneous [illegible] your soap.

Yours truly, [illegible]

In U[illegible]om, 4d. per Te[illegible]

In Australia[illegible]dia and Britis[illegible]

[illegible] Tablet.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW

OCTOBER, 1916

The Secret

By Laurence Binyon

I

I LAY upon my bed in the deep night:
The sense of my body drowsed,
But a clearness yet lingered in the spirit,
By soft obscurity housed.

As an inn to a traveller on a long road,
Happy sleep appeared.
I should come there, to the room of waiting dreams,
In the time that slowly neared;

But still in memory's wane fancy delighted,
Like wings in the after-glow,
To dip to the freshness of the waves of living,
To recover from long-ago

A touch or a voice, then soaring aloft and afar
The free world to range.
At last, on the brink of the dark, by subtle degrees
Came a chilling and a change.

Solitude sank to my marrow and pierced my veins:
Though I roam and though I learn
All the wonder of earth and of men, it is here
In the end I must return,

To the something alone that in each of us breathes and
sleeps,
Profound, isolate, still,
And must brave the giant world, and from hour to hour
Must prove its own will;

To this self, unexcused and unglorified, drawn
From its fond shadows, and bare,
Wherein no man that has been, none that is or shall be,
Shares or can ever share.

And it tingled through me how all use and disguise
Hide nothing; none
Avails to shield, neither pleader nor protector,
But the truth of myself alone.

And the days that have made me, have I not made them
also?
Are they not drops of my blood?
What have I done with them? Flower they still within me,
Or lie, trodden in the mud?

Why for godlike freedom an irreplaceable Here,
An irrevocable Now?
They were heavy like strong chains about my bosom,
Like hard bonds upon my brow.

The moments oozing out of the silence seemed
From my very heart lost
In the stream of the worlds; I felt them hot like tears
And of more than riches' cost.

Yet what was it alien in me stood and rebelled
And cried, Nevertheless
My passion is mine, my strength and my frailty; I am not
Thrall unto Time's duress!

Then suddenly rose before me, older than all,
Night of the soft speech,
With murmur of tender winds, yet terrible with stars
Beyond fancy's reach;

THE SECRET

Without foundation, without summit, without
Haven or refuge, Night
Palpitating with stars that dizzy thought and desire
In their unimagined flight,

O these most terrible! vast surmises, touching
The pulse of a fear unknown
Where all experience breaks like a frail bubble,
And the soul is left alone,

Alone and abandoned of all familiar uses,—
Itself the only place
It knows,—a question winged, barbed and burning
In the answerless frost of space.

I was afraid; but my heart throbbed faster, fiercer.
I trembled, but cried anew:
I am strange to you, O Stars! O Night, I am your exile,
I have no portion in you.

Though you shall array your silences against me,
I know you and defy—
Though I be but a moth in an abyss of ages,
This at least is not yours, it is I!

II

O blesséd be the touch of thought
That marries moments from afar,
That finds the thing it had not sought,
And smells a spice no treasure bought,
And learns what never sages taught,
And sees this earth a dazzling star!

As in the sheen of a lamp unseen,
The lamp of memory shrouded long,
There sprang before me, sweet as song,
The vision of a branch of bloom,
A swaying branch of blossom scented;
And in that blossom amid the gloom
My heart was luminously tented.

III

A score of years was melted, and I was young,
And the world young with me,
When in innocence of delight I laid me down
Beneath a certain tree.

The breathing splendour of that remembered May
Had yet seven days to spill
In fairy showers of fragrant white and red
And in notes from the wild bird's bill,

When I laid me down on a bank by the water's edge;
In the glowing shadow I lay.
My very body was drenched in a speechless joy,
Whose cause I could not say.

The sky was poured in singing rivers of blue;
The ripple danced in sight;
Close to the marge was a coloured pebble; it burned
Amid kisses of liquid light.

Like a hurry of little flames the tremble of gleams
Shivered up through the leaves and was gone—
Like a shaking of heavenly bells was the sound of the leaves
In the tower of branches blown.

And odours wandering each from its honeyed haunt
Over the air stole,
Like memories out of a world before the world
Seeking the private soul.

But I knew not where my soul was; in that hour
Neither time nor place it knew!
It was trembling high in the topmost blossom that drank
Of the glory of airy blue;

It was dark in the root that sucked of the deep earth;
It was lovely flames of fire;
It was water that murmured round and around the world;
It streamed in the sun's desire.

THE SECRET

Not the bird, but the bird's bright wayward swiftness,
Not the flowers in magic throng,
But the shooting, the breathing, and the perfumed
breaking;
Not the singer it was, but the song.

I touched the flesh of my body, and it was strange.
It seemed that my spirit knew
It was I no more; yet the earth and the sky answered
And cried aloud, It is you!

Then into my body the word of my being thrilled
(Not a nerve but aware!) It is I!
Yet I could not tell my thought from the green of the
grass,
My bliss from the blue of the sky.

Overbrimmed, overflowing, I rose like one who has drunk
Of a radiance keener than wine.
I stood on the marvellous earth, and felt my blood
As the streaming of power divine.

Laughter of children afar on the air came to me
And softly touched me home.
There were tears in me like trembling dew: I knew not
Where they had stolen from.

Who is not my brother, and who is not my sister?
O wonder of human eyes,
Have I passed you by, nor perceived how luminous in you
All infinity lies?

Love opened my eyes and opened my ears; not one,
But his soul is as mine is to me!
I heard like a ripple around the world breaking
The voices of children in glee;

I saw the beauty, secret as starlit wells,
Treasured in the bosoms of the old.
I heard like the whisper of leaf to leaf in the night-wind
Hope that the tongue never told.

Was it only the grass that quivered about me? I felt
Not that, but the hearts beating
Close to my own, unnumbered as blades of the grass,
And the dead in the quick heart meeting.

And I knew the dreams of wandering sorrow and joy
Breathed in the sleep of the night
From the other side of the earth, that for me was glowing
To the round horizon's light;

The earth that moves through the light and the dark
forever
As a dancer moves among
The maze of her sister stars, with a silent speed
In a dance that is always young:

And the heart of my body knew that it shared in all;
It was there, not alone nor afraid!
It throbbed in the life that can never be destroyed
In the things Time never made.

The Shadow-line (ii)

By Joseph Conrad

He shook hands with me: "Well, there you are, on your own, appointed officially under my responsibility."

He was actually walking with me to the door. What a distance off it seemed! I moved like a man in bonds. But we reached it at last. I opened it with the sensation of dealing with mere dream-stuff, and then at the last moment the fellowship of seamen asserted itself, stronger than the difference of age and station. It asserted itself in Captain Ellis' voice.

"Good-bye—and good luck to you," he said so heartily that I could only give him a grateful glance. Then I turned and went out, never to see him again in my life. I had not made three steps into the outer office when I heard behind my back a gruff, loud, authoritative voice, the voice of the deputy-Neptune.

It was addressing the head shipping-master, who, having let me in, had, apparently, remained hovering in the middle distance ever since.

"Mr. R., let the harbour launch have steam up to take the captain here on board the *Melita* at half-past nine to-night."

I was amazed at the startled alacrity of R.'s "Yes, sir." He ran before me out on the landing. My new dignity sat yet so lightly on me that I was not aware that it was I, the Captain, the object of this last graciousness. It seemed as if all of a sudden a pair of wings had grown on my shoulders. I merely skimmed along the polished floor.

But R. was impressed.

"I say!" he exclaimed on the landing, while the Malay crew of the steam launch standing by looked stonily at the man for whom they were going to be kept on duty so late, away from their gambling, from their girls, or their pure

domestic joys. "I say! His own launch. What have you done to him?"

His stare was full of respectful curiosity. I was quite confounded.

"Was it for me? I hadn't the slightest notion," I stammered out.

He nodded many times. "Yes. And the last person who had it before you was a Duke. So, there!"

I think he expected me to faint on the spot. But I was in too much of a hurry for emotional displays. Moreover, my feelings were already in such a whirl that this staggering information did not seem to make the slightest difference. It merely fell into the seething cauldron of my brain, and I carried it off with me after a short but effusive passage of leave-taking with R.

The favour of the great throws an aureole round the fortunate object on which it falls. That excellent man wanted to know whether he could do anything for me. He had known me merely by sight, and he was well aware he would never see me again; I was, in common with the other seamen of the port, merely a subject for official writing, filling up of forms with all the artificial superiority of a man of pen and ink to the men who grapple with realities outside the consecrated walls of official buildings. What shadows we must have been to him! Mere symbols to juggle with in books and heavy registers, without brains and muscles and perplexities; something hardly useful and decidedly inferior.

And he—the office hours being over—wanted to know if he could be of any use to me!

I ought, properly speaking—I ought to have been moved even to tears. But I did not even think of it. It was merely another miraculous manifestation of that day of miracles. I parted from him as if he were a mere shadow. I floated down the staircase. I floated out of the official and imposing portal. I went on floating along.

I use that word rather than the word "flew," because I have a distinct impression that, though uplifted by my aroused youth, my movements were deliberate enough. To that mixed white, brown, and yellow portion of mankind, out abroad on their own affairs, I presented the appearance of a man walking rather sedately. And nothing

in the way of abstraction could have equalled my deep detachment from the forms and colours of this world. It was, as it were, final.

And yet suddenly I recognised Hamilton. I recognised him without effort, without a shock, without a start. There he was, strolling towards the Harbour Office with his stiff, arrogant dignity. His red face made him noticeable at a distance. It flamed, over there, on the shady side of the street.

He had perceived me too. Something (general exuberance of spirits perhaps) moved me to wave my hand to him elaborately. It was done before I was aware that I meant to do it.

The impact of my impudence stopped him short, much as a bullet might have done. I verily believe he staggered, though as far as I could see he didn't actually fall. I had gone past in a moment and did not turn my head. I had forgotten his existence.

The next ten minutes might have been ten seconds or ten centuries for all my consciousness had to do with it. People might have been falling dead round me, houses crumbling, guns firing, I wouldn't have known. I was thinking: "By Jove! I have got it." *It* being the command. It had come about in a way utterly unforeseen in my modest day-dreams.

I perceived that my imagination had been running in conventional channels and that my hopes had always been drab stuff. I had envisaged a command as a result of a slow course of promotion in the employ of some highly respectable firm. The reward of faithful service. Well, faithful service was all right. One would naturally give that for one's own sake, for the sake of the ship, for the love of the life of one's choice, not for the sake of the reward.

There is something distasteful in the notion of a reward.

And now here I had my command, absolutely in my pocket, in a way undeniable indeed, but most unexpected; beyond my imaginings, outside all reasonable expectations, and even notwithstanding some sort of obscure intrigue to keep it away from me. It is true that the intrigue was feeble, but it helped the feeling of wonder—as if I had been specially destined for that ship I did not know, by

some power higher than the prosaic agencies of the commercial world.

A strange sense of exultation began to creep into me. If I had worked for that command for ten years or more there would have been nothing of the kind. I was a little frightened.

"Let us be calm," I said to myself.

Outside the door of the Officers' Home the wretched Steward seemed to be waiting for me. There was a broad flight of a few steps, and he ran to and fro on the top of it as if chained there. A distressed cur. He looked as though his throat were too dry for him to bark.

I regret to say I stopped before going in. There had been a revolution in my moral nature. He waited open-mouthed, breathless, while I looked at him for half a minute.

"And you thought you could keep it away from me," I said scathingly.

"You said you were going home," he squeaked miserably. "You said so. You said so."

"I wonder what Captain Ellis will have to say to that excuse," I uttered slowly with a sinister meaning.

His lower jaw had been trembling all the time and his voice was like the bleating of a sick goat. "You have given me away? You have done for me?"

Neither his distress nor yet the sheer absurdity of it was able to disarm me. It was the first instance of harm being attempted to be done to me—at any rate, the first I had ever found out. And I was still young enough, still too much on this side of the shadow-line, not to be surprised and indignant at such things.

I gazed at him inflexibly. Let the beggar suffer. He slapped his forehead and I passed in, pursued, into the dining-room, by his screech: "I always said you'd be the death of me."

This clamour not only overtook me, but went ahead as it were on to the verandah and brought out Captain Giles.

He stood before me in the doorway in all the commonplace solidity of his wisdom. The gold chain glittered on his breast. He clutched a smouldering pipe.

I extended my hand to him warmly and he seemed surprised, but did respond heartily enough in the end, with a

faint smile of superior knowledge which cut my thanks short as if with a knife. I don't think that more than one word came out. And even for that one, judging by the temperature of my face, I had blushed as if for a bad action. Assuming a detached tone, I wondered how on earth he had managed to spot the little underhand game that had been going on.

He murmured complacently that there were but few things done in the town that he could not see the inside of. And as to this house, he had been using it off and on for nearly ten years. Nothing that went on in it could escape his great experience. It had been no trouble to him. No trouble at all.

Then in his quiet thick tone he wanted to know if I had complained formally of the Steward's action.

I said that I hadn't—though, indeed, it was not for want of opportunity. Captain Ellis had gone for me bald-headed in a most ridiculous fashion for being out of the way when wanted.

"Funny old gentleman," interjected Captain Giles. "What did you say to that?"

"I said simply that I came along the very moment I heard of his message. Nothing more. I didn't want to hurt the Steward. I would scorn to harm such an object. No. I made no complaint, but I believe he thinks I've done so. Let him think. He's got a fright that he won't forget in a hurry, for Captain Ellis would kick him out into the middle of Asia. . . ."

"Wait a moment," said Captain Giles, leaving me suddenly. I sat down feeling very tired, mostly in my head. Before I could start a train of thought he stood again before me, murmuring the excuse that he had to go and put the fellow's mind at ease.

I looked up with surprise. But in reality I was indifferent. He explained that he had found him lying face downwards on the horsehair sofa. He was all right now

"He would not have died of fright," I said contemptuously.

"No. But he might have taken an overdose out of one of them little bottles he keeps in his room," Captain Giles argued seriously. "The confounded fool has tried to poison himself once—a few years ago."

"Really," I said without emotion. "He doesn't seem very fit to live, anyhow."

"As to that, it may be said of a good many."

"Don't exaggerate like that!" I protested, laughing irritably. "But I wonder what this part of the world would do if you were to leave off looking after it, Captain Giles? Here you have got me a command and saved the Steward's life in one afternoon. Though why you should have taken all that interest in either of us is more than I can understand."

Captain Giles remained silent for a minute. Then gravely:

"He's not a bad steward really. He can find a good cook, at any rate. And, what's more, he can keep him when found. I remember the fellow we had before here."

I must have made a movement of impatience, because he interrupted himself with an apology for keeping me yarning there, while no doubt I wanted all my time to get ready.

What I really wanted was to be alone for a bit. I seized this opening to withdraw hastily. My bedroom was a quiet refuge in an apparently uninhabited wing of the building. Having absolutely nothing to do (for I had not unpacked my things), I sat down on the bed and abandoned myself to the influences of the hour. To the unexpected influences. . . .

And first I wondered at my state of mind. Why was I not more surprised? Why? Here I was, invested with a command in the twinkling of an eye, not in the common course of human affairs, but more as if by enchantment. I ought to have been lost in astonishment. But I wasn't. I was very much like people in fairy tales. Nothing ever astonishes them. When a fully appointed gala coach is produced out of a pumpkin to take her to a ball Cinderella does not exclaim. She gets in quietly and drives away to her high fortune.

Captain Ellis (a fierce sort of fairy) had produced a command out of a drawer almost as unexpectedly as in a fairy tale. But a command is an abstract idea, and it seemed a sort of "lesser marvel" till it flashed upon me that it involved the concrete existence of a ship.

A ship! My ship! She was mine, more absolutely

mine for possession and care than anything in the world; an object of responsibility and devotion. She was there waiting for me, spellbound, unable to move, to live, to get out into the world (till I came), like an enchanted princess. Her call had come to me as if from the clouds. I had never suspected her existence. I didn't know how she looked, I had barely heard her name, and yet we were indissolubly united for a certain portion of our future, to sink or swim together!

A sudden passion of anxious impatience rushed through my veins, gave me such a sense of the intensity of existence as I have never felt before or since. I discovered how much of a seaman I was, in heart, in mind, and, as it were, physically—a man exclusively of sea and ships; the sea the only world that counted, and the ships like the women in it, the test of manliness, of temperament, of courage and fidelity—and of love.

I had an awful and exquisite moment. It was unique also. Jumping up from my seat, I paced up and down my room for a long time. But when I came downstairs I behaved with sufficient composure. I only couldn't eat anything at dinner.

Having declared my intention not to drive but to walk down to the quay, I must render the wretched Steward justice that he bestirred himself to find me some coolies for the luggage. They departed, carrying all my worldly possessions (except a little money I had in my pocket) slung from a long pole. Captain Giles volunteered to walk down with me.

We followed the sombre, shaded alley across the Esplanade. It was moderately cool there under the trees. Captain Giles remarked, with a sudden laugh: "I know who's jolly thankful at having seen the last of you."

I guessed that he meant the Steward. The fellow had borne himself to me in a sulkily frightened manner at the last. I expressed my wonder that he should have tried to do me a bad turn for no reason at all.

"Don't you see that what he wanted was to get rid of our friend Hamilton by dodging him in front of you for that job?"

"Heavens!" I exclaimed, feeling humiliated somehow. "Can it be possible? What a fool he must be! That

overbearing, impudent loafer! Why! He couldn't . . . And yet he's nearly done it, I believe; for the Harbour Office was bound to send somebody."

"Aye. A fool like our Steward can be dangerous sometimes," declared Captain Giles sententiously. "Just because he is a fool," he added, imparting further instruction in his complacent low tones. "For," he continued in the manner of a set demonstration, "no sensible person would risk being kicked out of the only berth between himself and starvation just to get rid of a simple annoyance—a small worry. Would he now?"

"Well, no," I conceded, restraining a desire to laugh at that something mysteriously earnest in delivering the conclusions of his wisdom as though it were the product of prohibited operations. "But that fellow looks as if he were rather crazy. He must be."

"As to that, I believe everybody in the world is a little mad," he announced quietly.

"You make no exceptions?" I inquired, just to hear his answer.

He kept silent for a little while, then got home in an effective manner.

"Why! Kent says that even of you."

"Does he?" I retorted, extremely embittered all at once against my former captain. "There's nothing of that in the written character from him which I've got in my pocket. Has he given you any instances of my lunacy?"

Captain Giles explained in a conciliating tone that it had been only a friendly remark in reference to my abrupt leaving the ship for no apparent reason.

I muttered grumpily: "Oh! leaving his ship," and mended my pace. He kept up by my side in the deep gloom of the avenue as if it were his conscientious duty to see me out of the colony as an undesirable character. He panted a little, which was rather pathetic in a way. But I was not moved. On the contrary. His discomfort gave me a sort of malicious pleasure.

Presently I relented, slowed down, and said:

"What I really wanted was to get a fresh grip. I felt it was time. Is that so very mad?"

He made no answer. We were issuing from the avenue.

On the bridge over the canal a dark, irresolute figure seemed to be awaiting something or somebody.

It was a Malay policeman, barefooted, in his blue uniform. The silver band on his little round cap shone dimly in the light of the street lamp. He peered in our direction timidly.

Before we could come up to him he turned about and walked in front of us in the direction of the jetty. The distance was some hundred yards; and then I found my coolies squatting on their heels. They had kept the pole on their shoulders, and all my worldly goods, still tied to the pole, were resting on the ground between them. As far as the eye could reach along the quay there was not another soul abroad except the police peon, who saluted us.

It seems he had detained the coolies as suspicious characters, and had forbidden them the jetty. But at a sign from me he took off the embargo with alacrity. The two patient fellows, rising together with a faint grunt, trotted off along the planks, and I prepared to take my leave of Captain Giles, who stood there with an air as though his mission were drawing to a close. It could not be denied that he had done it all. And while I hesitated about an appropriate sentence he made himself heard:

"I expect you'll have your hands pretty full of tangled-up business."

I asked him what made him think so; and he answered that it was his general experience of the world. Ship a long time away from her port, owners inaccessible by cable, and the only man who could explain matters dead and buried.

"And you yourself new to the business in a way," he concluded in a sort of unanswerable tone.

"Don't insist," I said. "I know it only too well. I only wish you could impart to me some small portion of your experience before I go. As it can't be done in ten minutes I had better not begin to ask you. There's that harbour launch waiting for me too. But I won't feel really at peace till I have that ship of mine out in the Indian Ocean."

He remarked casually that from Bangkok to the Indian Ocean was a pretty long step. And this murmur, like a dim flash from a dark lantern, showed me for a moment the

broad belt of islands and reefs between that unknown ship, which was mine, and the freedom of the great waters of the globe.

But I felt no apprehension. I was familiar enough with the Archipelago by that time. Extreme patience and extreme care would see me through the region of broken land, of faint airs and of dead water to where I would feel at last my command swing on the great swell and list over to the great breath of regular winds, that would give her the feeling of a large, more intense life. The road would be long. All roads are long that lead towards one's heart's desire. But this road my mind's eye could see on a chart, professionally, with all its complications and difficulties, yet simple enough in a way. One is a seaman or one is not. And I had no doubt of being one.

The only part I was a stranger to was the Gulf of Siam. And I mentioned this to Captain Giles. Not that I was concerned very much. It belonged to the same region the nature of which I knew, into whose very soul I seemed to have looked during the last months of that existence with which I had broken now, suddenly, as one parts with some enchanting company.

"The gulf . . . Ay! A funny piece of water—that," said Captain Giles.

Funny, in this connection, was a vague word. The whole thing sounded like an opinion uttered by a cautious person mindful of actions for slander.

I didn't inquire as to the nature of that funniness. There was really no time. But at the very last he volunteered a warning.

"Whatever you do keep to the east side of it. The west side is dangerous at this time of the year. Don't let anything tempt you over. You'll find nothing but trouble there."

Though I could hardly imagine what could tempt me to involve my ship amongst the currents and reefs of the Malay shore, I thanked him for the advice.

He gripped my extended arm warmly, and the end of our acquaintance came suddenly in the words: "Good-night."

That was all he said: "Good-night." Nothing more. I don't know what I intended to say, but surprise made

me swallow it, whatever it was. I choked slightly, and then exclaimed with a sort of alacrity "Oh! Good-night, Captain Giles, good-night."

His movements were always deliberate, but his back had receded some distance along the deserted quay before I collected myself enough to follow his example and made a half turn in the direction of the jetty.

Only my movements were not deliberate. I hurried down to the steps and leaped into the launch. Before I had fairly landed in her stern-sheets the slim little craft darted away from the jetty with a sudden swirl of her propeller and the hard rapid puffing of the exhaust in her vaguely gleaming brass funnel amidships.

The misty churning at her stern was the only sound in the world. The shore lay plunged in the silence of the deepest slumber. I watched the town recede still and soundless in the hot night, till the abrupt hail, "Steam-launch, ahoy!" made me spin round face forward. We were close to a white, ghostly steamer. Lights shone on her decks, in her portholes. And the same voice shouted from her: "Is that the passenger?"

"It is," I yelled.

Her crew had been obviously on the jump. I could hear them running about and exclaiming. The modern spirit of haste was loudly vocal in the orders to "Heave away on the cable"—to "Lower the side-ladder," and in urgent requests to me to "Come along, sir! We have been delayed three hours for you . . . . Our time is seven o'clock, you know!"

I stepped on the deck. I said "No! I don't know." The spirit of modern hurry was embodied in a thin, long-armed, long-legged man, with a closely-clipped grey beard. His meagre hand was hot and dry. He declared feverishly:

"I am hanged if I would have waited another five minutes—harbour master or no harbour master."

"That's your own business," I said. "I didn't ask you to wait for me."

"I hope you don't expect any supper," he burst out nervously. "This isn't a boarding-house afloat. You are the first passenger I ever had and I hope to goodness you will be the last."

I made no answer to this hospitable communication; and, indeed, he didn't wait for any, bolting away on to his bridge to get his ship under way.

For the three days he had me on board he never departed from that half-hostile attitude. His ship having been delayed three hours on my account he couldn't forgive me for not being a more distinguished person. He was not exactly outspoken about it, but that feeling of annoyed wonder was peeping out perpetually in his talk.

He was absurd. Yes.

He was also a man of much experience, which he liked to trot out; but no greater contrast with Captain Giles could have been imagined. He would have amused me if I had wanted to be amused. But I did not want to be amused. I was like a lover looking forward to a meeting. Human hostility was nothing to me. I thought of my unknown ship. It was amusement enough, torment enough, occupation enough.

He perceived my state, for his wits were sufficiently sharp for that, and he poked sly fun at my preoccupation in the manner some nasty, cynical old men assume towards the dreams and illusions of youth. I, on my side, refrained from asking him as to the appearance of my ship, though I knew that being in Bangkok every fortnight or so he must have known her by sight. I was not going to expose the ship, my ship! to some slighting reference.

He was the first really unsympathetic man I had ever come in contact with. My education was far from being finished, though I didn't know it. No! I didn't know it.

All I knew was that he disliked me and had some contempt for my person. Why? Apparently because his ship had been delayed three hours on my account. Who was I to have such a thing done for me? Such a thing had never been done for him. It was a sort of jealous indignation.

My expectation, mingled with fear, was wrought to its highest pitch. How slow had been the days of the passage and how soon they were over. One morning, early, we crossed the bar, and while the sun was rising splendidly over the flat spaces of the land we steamed up the innumerable bends, passed under the shadow of the great gilt pagoda, and reached the outskirts of the town.

There it was, spread largely on both banks, the

Oriental capital which had as yet suffered no white conqueror; an expanse of brown houses of bamboo, of mats, of leaves, of a vegetable-matter style of architecture, sprung out of the brown soil on the banks of the muddy river. It was amazing to think that in those miles of human habitations there was not probably half a dozen pounds of nails. Some of those houses of sticks and grass, like the nests of an aquatic race, clung to the low shores. Others seemed to grow out of the water; others again floated in long anchored rows in the very middle of the stream. Here and there in the distance, above the crowded mob of low, brown roof ridges, towered great piles of masonry, King's Palace, temples, gorgeous and dilapidated, as if crumbling under the force of the vertical sunlight, tremendous, overpowering, almost palpable, which seemed to enter one's breast with the breath of one's nostrils and soak into one's limbs through every pore of one's skin.

The ridiculous victim of jealousy had for some reason or other to stop his engines just then. The steamer drifted slowly up with the tide. Oblivious of my new surroundings I walked the deck, in anxious, deadened abstraction, a commingling of romantic reverie with a very practical survey of my qualifications. For the time was approaching for me to behold my command and to prove my worth in the ultimate test of my profession.

Suddenly I heard myself called by that imbecile. He was beckoning me to come up on his bridge.

I didn't care very much for that, but as it seemed that he had something particular to say I went up the ladder.

He laid his hand on my shoulder and gave me a slight turn, pointing with his other arm at the same time.

"There! That's your ship, Captain," he said.

I felt a thump in my breast—only one, as if my heart had then ceased to beat. There were ten or more ships moored along the bank, and the one he meant was partly hidden from my sight by her next astern. He said: "We'll drift abreast her in a moment."

What was his tone? Mocking? Threatening? Or only indifferent? I could not tell. I suspected some malice in this unexpected manifestation of interest.

He left me, and I leaned over the rail of the bridge

looking over the side. I dared not raise my eyes. Yet it had to be done—and, indeed, I could not have helped myself. I believe I trembled.

But directly my eyes had rested on my ship all my fear vanished. It went off swiftly, like a bad dream. Only that a dream leaves no shame behind it, and that I felt a momentary shame at my unworthy suspicions.

Yes, there she was. Her hull, her rigging filled my eye with a great content. That feeling of life-emptiness which had made me so restless for the last few months lost its bitter plausibility, its evil influence, dissolved in a flow of joyous emotion.

At the first glance I saw that she was a high-class vessel, a harmonious creature in the lines of her fine body, in the proportioned tallness of her spars. Whatever her age and her history, she had preserved the stamp of her origin. She was one of those craft that, in virtue of their design and complete finish, will never look old. Amongst her companions moored to the bank, and all bigger than herself, she looked like a small aristocrat—an Arab steed in a string of cart-horses.

A voice behind me said in a nasty equivocal tone: "I hope you are satisfied with her, Captain." I did not even turn my head. It was the master of the steamer, and whatever he meant, whatever he thought of her, I knew that, like some rare women, she was one of those creatures whose mere existence is enough to awaken an unselfish delight. One feels that it is good to be in the world in which she exists.

That illusion of life and character which charms one in men's finest handiwork radiated from her. An enormous baulk of teak-wood timber swung over her hatchway; lifeless matter, looking heavier and bigger than anything aboard of her. When they started lowering it the surge of the tackle sent a quiver through her from water-line to the trucks up the fine nerves of her rigging, as though she had shuddered at the weight. It seemed cruel to load her so. . . .

Half-an-hour later, putting my foot on her deck for the first time, I received the feeling of deep physical satisfaction. Nothing could equal the fullness of that moment, the ideal completeness of that emotional experience which

had come to me without the preliminary toil and disenchantments of an obscure career.

My rapid glance ran over her, enveloped, appropriated the form concreting the abstract sentiment of my command. A lot of details perceptible to a seaman struck my eye vividly in that instant. For the rest, I saw her disengaged from the material conditions of her being. The shore to which she was moored was as if it did not exist. What were to me all the countries of the globe? In all the parts of the world washed by navigable waters our relation to each other would be the same—and more intimate than there are words to express in the language. Apart from that, every scene and episode would be a mere passing show. The very gang of yellow coolies busy about the main hatch were less substantial than the stuff dreams are made of. For who on earth would dream of Chinamen? . . .

I went aft, ascended the poop, where, under the awning, gleamed the brasses of the yacht-like fittings, the polished surfaces of the rails, the glass of the skylights. Right aft two seamen, busy cleaning the steering gear, with the reflected ripples of light running playfully up their bent backs, went on with their work, unaware of me and of the almost affectionate glance I threw at them in passing towards the companion-way of the cabin.

The doors stood wide open, the slide was pushed right back. The half-turn of the staircase cut off the view of the lobby. A low humming ascended from below, but it stopped abruptly at the sound of my descending footsteps.

(*To be continued.*)

Transport Reform (ii)*

By Alfred Warwick Gattie

The argument amounts to this:—Your cook must be made to tumble downstairs with a valuable dinner-service in order to benefit the crockery shop.

The loss of life and limb due to shunting is deplorable, as you all know.

Then there is the damage to goods to be considered. That is the way we are utilising the locomotive for 75 per cent. of its active life. My proposal is to do away with shunting and keep the locomotive exclusively for haulage. It is not a sorting machine, and should not be used as one.

As an example of the amount of damage done to goods, I may tell you that the Eagle Stove Company sent out two dozen gas stoves, and the whole lot were shunted into fragments. Two dozen more had to be sent, and they were more careful, and only half of them were broken. Then they tried a third time, and I think they must have used pneumatic packing, because not one of the third lot was broken. Still, the Eagle Stove Company had to send out sixty stoves to fill an order of twenty-four.

I am told that the destruction of gun-carriages and other military apparatus owing to shunting has been appalling.

On one occasion a consignment arrived at a port for shipment in such a state that the order was about to be given to return the lot, when an experienced officer pointed out that sending them back to be repaired was sheer waste of time and labour, as they would be sure to be broken again on the journey. The repairs were consequently done at the port of shipment.

I think I have said enough to show that shunting as a process is open to serious objection.

The question is: How to eliminate it and what substitute to offer for it?

* A Paper read at the Annual General Meeting of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers at Blackpool, June 29th, 1916.

The answer to that is: The Container System.

No. 7.*

This is a picture of a vehicle the upper portion of which is removable from the under carriage.

The actual example taken is that of a Tea Container as used by Messrs. J. L. Lyons and Co.

This is a picture of a box container. This is one form a container may take. A container may be a hundred different things. A container is that which contains, and that which can be immediately detached from the vehicle —either road or rail vehicle—on which it travels.

As the word implies, a container is that which holds together. *Con tenere*. It must, of course, be suited to the load it has to carry. "Ah! but what would you do with a load of scaffold-poles forty feet long?" I was once asked. "Tie them lightly together with a couple of pieces of rope. The pieces of rope would be in that instance the container," was my reply. I think the silliest question I have ever been asked was: "What would you do with a live bull in a crate?" The question was asked by a goods manager of one of our big railway companies. My reply was that I would do what was required.

The advantage of the detachable container system is most pronounced in large inland centres or large ports, places like London, Manchester, Leeds, Liverpool, etc. At such places it is desirable to erect goods clearing houses, one for each centre.

No. 8.

Here is a picture of the proposed central goods clearing house for London. A part of the outside wall is removed.

It will be a steel building covered with stone. It will be 1,320 ft. long and 560 ft. broad. It will have eight floors and a flat roof, and be 208 ft. high. It will have a number of water-towers of sufficient height to supply the whole building with an adequate pressure of water. The lowest floor of the building will be the sub-basement or crypt. This will be 1,520 ft. long and 840 ft. broad, and will be equipped with heavy electro-mechanical goods sorting apparatus. The function of this floor is to receive, sort, and place ready for despatch container loads in bulk.

The crypt is accessible through four gaps in the railway level above. These gaps in the railway level extend the

* The diagrams are omitted here.

entire length of the building, and are each 50 ft. wide. Goods are lowered into and lifted out of the crypt to and from the various floors above, by electric travelling cranes of special design. The building will be equipped with 500 of these cranes, and there will be six tiers of them.

Above the crypt is the rail level, which consists of twenty-four train berths, each 1,320 ft. long, divided from each other by narrow railed platforms running the length of the building also.

The function of this level is to receive and despatch trains through three sets of underground tubes which will connect up the clearing house with every railway system in Great Britain. These tubes will extend from the clearing house (which will be in Clerkenwell) one mile to the north-west, one mile to the east, and half a mile to the south. These tubes will have an internal diameter of 16½ ft., and will cost £72 per yard run. In triplicate this works out at about £1,000,000.

No. 9.

This is a map of central London, the centre being taken as the site of the proposed Clearing House in Clerkenwell.

The map shows how the railway termini approach central London on all sides, and how they may be connected by sets of underground tubes.

If four goods trains ran into the clearing house at the same time, they could be, by means of the overhead cranes and container system, simultaneously unloaded and reloaded and despatched in four minutes. That speed, however, could not be maintained. I only mention it to show that railway ingress and egress to the clearing house is more than ample.

The next level above the railway is the street level. This consists of twelve broad bridges crossing the rails at right angles 27 ft. above the metals. These bridges are each 52 ft. wide, and are separated by gaps of 48 ft. wide, giving access to the rails and the crypt beneath.

By this arrangement road and rail vehicles can be brought into immediate vertical proximity.

The detachable container, which is common to both, is hoisted from one to the other by the overhead crane. Thus the detention of both vehicles is reduced to a minimum. If either of the two vehicles is not up to time, the load of goods—*i.e.*, the container—is put into the crypt to await

its arrival. The function of the street level is to receive, unload, and reload motor-lorries carrying containers. Each bridge could accommodate forty-eight motor-lorries at the kerb. That is to say that the twelve bridges could accommodate 576 lorries unloading and reloading simultaneously as a maximum. Allowing four minutes for the exchange of the inwards container for the outwards container, and we have a speed of 144 lorry loads in, and 144 lorry loads out, per minute.

Above the street level we have the four bales and parcels sorting floors, to and from which, container loads of miscellaneous goods are hoisted from the crypt, the rail vehicles, or the road vehicles.

The function of these sorting floors is to sort out the contents of the containers and reload them ready for despatch.

There are 596 despatch points on these floors and 596 receiving points, and the goods are sorted by the automatic circulation of 20,000 steel trays. These trays would circulate at about 1,000 trays per minute, a tray leaving a despatch point at intervals of thirty seconds on the average. A tray might only carry one parcel, or it might carry a dozen if they were all for the same receiving point.

You will understand that these four floors, each as large as a cricket-field, could receive, sort, and despatch, some millions of parcels and bales, per diem.

Above the sorting floors would be the workshops and mess-rooms and offices.

Then the flat roof, 15 acres in extent, asphalted and, when necessary, bomb-proof.

I have got myself into serious trouble for pointing out that this veritable tableland of a roof would make a good landing-place for aeroplanes. What have aeroplanes to do with the clearing house? I am asked.

"Wait and see" is the only possible answer.

I now wish to pass to the aspect of the clearing house scheme which more particularly concerns the members of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers.

Clearing houses would, of course, be common to all railway companies' systems running into any given centre, and would be a meeting-place of exchange which would eliminate the necessity for all the present interterminal

traffic by road and rail. There are 700 trains running daily between London's various goods stations, or 70 per cent. of the total number of goods trains per day. The clearing house would also command all roadways inwards and outwards. Distribution from a centre, instead of from almost innumerable scattered points, is a greater advantage than appears at first sight.

For instance, there are no less than seventy-four goods stations in the London area, and fifty passenger stations which are also used as goods stations, and there are 800 firms of carmen and carriers who each have a number of depôts. How many depôts there are altogether I confess I don't know, but it is interesting to note that the area covered by these depôts in the City of London alone (one square mile) totals 22 acres, not including goods stations. Under clearing house conditions all these seventy-four goods stations and these hundreds of depôts would not be needed.

The value of the land redeemed would pay for the clearing house, plant, and rolling stock over and over again, but that is only a small part of the advantage to be secured. By working from one centre you are able to get together *all* the goods for an individual consignee, or all the goods for a certain street, and those goods can be carried altogether in vanloads to that consignee or to that street.

The goods clearing house would, on an average, have seventy-four times the quantity of goods that any one goods station could have, and this circumstance makes for good loading outwards. Working inwards, a clearing house van would be able to take goods consigned in all directions because of the universality of the clearing house. This, again, makes for good loading in doing the work of collection.

At present a van may have to traverse twenty streets and deliver one-twentieth of its load in each street, and nineteen other vans do the same thing in the same streets—that is to say, they each traverse twenty times the distance they would if each van only went to one street and delivered twenty times the load.

The result of the existing lack of system in London is that 450 miles of vehicles stand stock-still in the streets and at the depôts for nine hours a day.

The cost of these vehicles, alone, was estimated by the late Mr. L. R. S. Tomalin, Deputy Chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, at £31,500,000 per annum, to which sum must be added street cleaning and repairing and police and hospital expenses.

Mr. Edgar Harper, in the before-mentioned report, estimates that the work of collection and delivery could be done in London under clearing house conditions with 5,000 motor-lorries. That points to a reduction, say, of 90 per cent. of trade vehicles on London streets.

There were 27,000 people killed and injured on London streets last year. A money value lies behind that, and with a vast reduction in the number of vehicles traversing the streets, we may certainly look for a reduction in the number of street accidents.

Lord Claud Hamilton, Chairman of the Great Eastern Railway, has stated that the London Goods Clearing House would be impracticable, because congestion would be inevitable, at busy times, in the streets converging on the clearing house yard. I have asked the noble lord for his figures, or some details of the calculations by which he arrived at this conclusion, but I understand he is too busy to go into details. As that is so, I will give a few figures to enable you to form your own judgments on the point.

There would be 5,000 lorries at work on London's 2,000 odd miles of streets.

There are twenty-six existing streets converging on the proposed site in Clerkenwell, having an aggregate width of 860 ft.

There would be sixty gates to the clearing house yard, each 24 ft. wide. The area of the proposed yard would be 416,800 square ft., with garages beneath of 334,000 square ft.

The area of the roadway of the twelve bridges intersecting the clearing house would be 226,112 square ft. The area of the asphalted roof of the clearing house would be 650,000 square ft., and lorries could be taken up to the roof in case of emergency by the elevators. You thus see that standing room for the whole 5,000 lorries could be found without much difficulty if it were necessary to do so. Clearing house lorries, however, would be worked to a time-table.

In a busy time of the day 3,600 lorries might enter the clearing house in an hour—that is to say, one lorry per gate per minute.

If Lord Claud Hamilton calls that congestion, I don't agree with him.

You will bear in mind that, normally, a lorry would only remain in the clearing house four minutes, while its "inwards" container was being exchanged for an "outwards" container.

Now, gentlemen, a few words about the machinery, which I want you all to come and see, and then I shall sit down.

Without machinery—or without high speed of operation, which means the same thing—the clearing house would be as great an absurdity as trying to talk to a man in Birmingham without a telephone. When we know exactly what the crux of the situation is, and what we *want* to do, we are seven-eighths of the way to doing it.

In the present case we require a centre of reception and redistribution. Therefore, as we know we have some millions of packages to deal with in twenty-four hours, we know we must work at high speed. Men running about with hand-trucks, as compared with sorting machinery, may be likened to messenger boys trying to race telephone messages. We want machinery to put things where they are wanted, and put them there quickly and put them there gently.

No. 10.

This diagram shows a floor veined with a compound system of conveyors, whereby packages can be sent from any one point to any other without traversing an unduly circuitous route. The system as shown consists of a number of local conveyors linked together by a trunk conveyor: the trunk conveyors being themselves linked together by escalator conveyors between floor and floor.

This is a diagram in plan of one of the five sorting floors; one of which is the crypt or sub-basement, where heavy loads are dealt with; two are parcels sorting floors; and two are bales sorting floors, of which this is one. It is served by ninety-six 5-ton overhead electric travelling cranes. The crabs of the cranes are mounted on movable bridges which travel east and west. The crabs themselves move, north and south, over the spans of the bridges.

These cranes hoist container loads inwards or outwards

through holes in the floor from road vehicles standing on the bridges, rail vehicles standing on the rail level, or from the crypt.

An incoming container may be put down on any of the floor divisions or bays. It would be opened and the contents would be put on to steel trays which are ranked on the tracks marked yellow. These tracks move intermittently and at varying speeds under the control of the operator.

The yellow tracks receive at one end and despatch at the other. The yellow tracks move *from* the receiving points and towards the despatching points. A bay has two receiving points and two despatching points; its yellow tracks move in opposite directions. The green band represents a series of one hundred automatic conveyors, which we call "truckers." This green band, or belt as we call it, moves round and round continuously. Each trucker carries a couple of little instruments like the one I hold in my hand.

The man who stands at the despatch point has a little wooden desk with two rows of keys on it, like the keys of a typewriter. It is his duty to read the name of the town to which the bale or case of goods on the first tray is addressed. He then pushes two buttons corresponding with the scheduled number of the town in question—say, Manchester. If the Manchester bay—that is to say, the floor division where goods for Manchester are assembled—were situated where it could be reached by this green belt, the operator would push two keys. The result would be that the tray standing on the despatch point would be magnetically seized by the first disengaged trucker passing the point, and carried to the required receiving point and discharged there.

If, however, the Manchester bay were in another part of the clearing house, the man would still push two keys, but not the same keys. The green local would take the tray as before, but when the part of the tour was reached where the pink conveyor runs parallel with the green conveyor, the first disengaged pink conveyor, which runs at twice the speed of the green conveyor, would overtake it and would magnetically seize the tray, and at the same moment the green conveyor would transmit the instruc-

tions what was to be done with it. The pink conveyor would then carry the tray to the required green conveyor, which would magnetically seize it while being overtaken by the high-speed pink conveyor, and the pink conveyor would retransmit the instructions to the green, indicating at which yellow point to deliver. In the event of a tray going to a different floor, the route would be from yellow to green, from green to pink, from pink to purple—up or down stairs—from purple to pink, on the other floor, and from pink to green, and green to the yellow receiving point required. Please understand that this operation is entirely automatic throughout, and so smooth that a glass of water may be put on the tray and will not be spilled.

There are 596 yellow despatch points on the four sorting floors, and the same number of yellow receiving points.

If 500 of these despatch points were being used, and each man despatched two trays a minute, we should have a circulation of 1,000 tray-loads per minute.

The number of parcels or bales on each tray would vary. A bales tray is about the size of a small dining-room table with one leaf in it. A parcels tray is less than one-fifth of that size; there would be 20,000 trays altogether. You see that by this system, goods can be sorted at the rate of some thousands of packages per minute into a large number of groups.

With regard to sorting loads of goods in the crypt, nothing like the same speed will be required. As at present arranged, the crypt speed would be about 600 loads in ten minutes. In the crypt there will be no more noise or violence than elsewhere.

The Board of Trade officials say they are "unaware" how this is all done, and I don't dispute their statement for a moment. There is another fact which is quite obvious, however—viz., that they don't want to be "aware." If they did, they would take a ten minutes' ride in a taxi across the Thames and see for themselves.

The Kaiser did not remain "unaware" for long. He read the account of the machinery in a London daily paper, and immediately got into touch with me through the German Consul-General in London.

Doctor Johannes came to Battersea and brought his

wife and family, and we subsequently received a visit from Herr von Schäwen from the Ministry of Transport of Berlin. That was in June, 1914.

No. 11.

This is a photograph of an entirely new piece of machinery. It is designed to transfer and to retransfer by electro-magnetic action steel trays. It is under the control of a small piece of mechanism, which is a combination of an electric clock and a calculating machine. This mechanism allows of the transmission and retransmission of instructions as between machine and machine automatically, and in a pre-determined manner.

Here is a photograph of one of the conveyor sections. You note that there is a curved groove of steel. If two truckers were to transfer a load from one to the other, the control gear would be at the transfer position. A little roller at the end of the lever on one trucker would jut out, and enter the groove on the other trucker, and by passing up the curved path would turn the main shaft one-quarter of a revolution with uniform acceleration; it would pass over the apex, and then engage the top side of the groove and be brought to its original height above the track by performing another quarter revolution with uniform deceleration. The movement of the shaft is geared to the roller magnets, which, while functioning, are energised and which bite hold of the underside of the steel tray, which is mounted on castors.

It is by the use of this curve that the uniform acceleration and deceleration is obtained, and the consequent perfect smoothness of action.

We shall be most happy to give a demonstration or a series of demonstrations to members of the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers.

The officials of the Board of Trade may have reason to consider it "excellent" that our freight rates are twice what they are in Germany, but the Institution of Municipal and County Engineers may not be so satisfied on the point.

With our corporations, our municipalities, and our county organisations demanding an explanation, it may be that Transport Reform may very soon be an accomplished fact.

The Means of Grace

By Filson Young

On a Sunday evening in summer, while the empty London streets were echoing to the dreary sound of the bells, I turned into a church. It was an important church. The form of religion practised in it was that prescribed, protected and endowed by the law of this realm. It was nearly filled by a congregation of people the majority of whom were obviously in comfortable circumstances—people, that is to say, who at any rate are not preoccupied with anxieties as to the maintenance of their material life. There was a fair sprinkling of officers and men in uniform. The majority of the congregation as they came in knelt down for a moment, and went through a form of covering their eyes while they were really arranging their various properties and adjusting the kneeling-mat; and then sat back and looked about them with an expression of mingled boredom and self-consciousness. Here and there one distinguished faces that indicated a certain degree of raptness and concentration; they were exceptions.

The service began with that magnificent and eternally true assertion of Ezekiel: that when the man who has been doing what he knows to be false and wrong turns away from it to what he knows to be lawful and right he shall save his soul alive. It went on through the brief and beautiful modulations of the liturgy, from exhortation, confession, repentance, absolution, to praise, narrative and prayer, with all the swing, and all the obvious inattention to the details of its composition, of an incantation. Obviously it was so familiar to most of the congregation as to be nothing but a kind of pious noise; the words seemed to have lost all meaning for them, and no effort of concentration, even if any had been made (of which there was very little sign), would have dissipated the fog of familiarity with which it was enveloped. The pews were full of leaflets and reading

matter of various kinds, chiefly relating to special efforts to be made on account of the war. There were crusades, missions and guilds of apparently a high degree of activity, and all stimulated by an immense expenditure of paper and printers' ink. When one looked into them, to be sure, they all seemed very much the same thing. The crusades were not apparently directed against anything in particular, the missions were not being sent outside the parish hall, the guilds represented a high organisation of people whose energies appeared to be largely expended on and absorbed by the organisation itself. And the general object of them in this time of war was not primarily to defeat the Germans —which would at any rate have been a highly practical form of prayer—but chiefly that a spiritual awakening or revival should go through England. Spiritual awakenings are always desirable things, but people who pray for them should be certain just what it is that they mean by a spiritual awakening. Some would look upon it as an increased sensitiveness to beauty in every form, and a consequent revival and honour of the fine arts in our midst, and a fastidiousness with regard to justice, kindness and honesty; others, apparently, regard it as an increase in the number of guilds and crusades, churches and prayer-houses, all presumably to be dedicated to continued and ever-increasing prayer for spiritual awakening—a process rather like that of a cat chasing its own tail. But the preacher in this church was an eminent man, held in high esteem for his sincerity and unselfish devotion to his work; and it was from his sermon that one looked to hear something about the secret of this spiritual awakening.

II.

When the preacher stood in the pulpit and faced the congregation the whole atmosphere changed. The dream of boredom, or, at best, the attitude of perfunctory attention as to a duty that had to be performed which had accompanied the service, gave place to interest and expectation, such as the reputation of the preacher deserved. There was no doubt that the whole congregation was prepared to listen to every word he said—prepared sympathetically,

certain that they would be moved or edified or pleased. It was a wonderful opportunity there, in the dying light of the London summer evening, with some fifteen hundred people, each of them a centre radiating influence throughout the large environment, ready and willing to be spoken to and to think about matters of the highest and most telling importance. It was obvious, too, that the preacher realised his privilege and his responsibility; and from the first word to the last it was clear that he put his whole soul into the effort to make the very best use of his great opportunity. Therefore, from beginning to end he held the attention of his hearers.

His discourse, while informed with a natural eloquence which was part of his equipment for his office, was otherwise quite simple, and made no demands upon the intellectual powers of his hearers. It had nothing in common with the grand manner of preaching, in which the hearer is enveloped in a gale of eloquence and borne along on wings of inspired imagination to heights of intellectual vision which would be impossible of attainment by his own unaided mind; it had no particular form, and there was no new thought in it. It was an appeal, perfectly straight, simple, and sincere as from one man to another, a personal appeal that the congregation should do what the preacher most fervently wished them to do, for their own good. It might have been preached at a Salvation Army gathering at a street corner. This prosperous, solid, responsible and intelligent gathering of English people were urged to come to Jesus. That was the gist of the whole discourse. We were to "get Jesus in our hearts." Like everyone else in the congregation, I was aware of the spell of natural eloquence and sympathy. I had that feeling that there might be something in it hitherto hidden from me, which the preacher longs to awake in his audience and so seldom does awake. I waited with spell-bound interest for information as to how this act was to be performed.

It was quite simple, the preacher said; all that was necessary was that one should be willing. Now, as it was quite obvious that practically everyone in his audience was perfectly willing, if only he would tell them how it was to be done, the moment was acutely interesting. But after saying that it was quite simple to come to Jesus and to get

Him in our hearts, the preacher gave no further assistance as to how it was to be done. What he said in effect was, "I have done it, and I have found it of such inestimable and priceless benefit that I want you to do it. I can guarantee that nothing but good will come of it, and that you will experience a happiness such as you have never found before." This would be good enough for most people; it was obviously good enough for the congregation, if only they could be informed as to how it was to be done. But again he slid away, and told them that it would cost them a great deal, but that it was well worth it. How or why it was to cost them a great deal he did not explain; it was clear that whatever it had cost him had been very little in proportion to the benefits received; nor, indeed, would any cost be considered excessive by the most hard-headed business man in the audience for such happiness and joy as he guaranteed to those who would perform this operation of submission to Jesus. But it was by no means clear what he meant by Jesus. Sometimes He seemed to be an abstraction; sometimes a human and delightful Friend who would do all sorts of nice things for you if only you loved Him; sometimes a powerful magician to whom nothing was impossible, and with whom it was no more than common sense to be on good terms; sometimes a kind of powerful majority which one ought to join, because in some future day the minority were going to have a very bad time; and sometimes a despised minority, which one ought to join to protect it from the undiscerning and mistaken majority. But, whatever it was, we were to come to Jesus; and the way lay through the Church; lay, among other avenues, through the portals of this very building in which the shadows were gathering and the eloquent voice resounded. We were to come to the sacraments; the Eucharist—a purely commemorative rite—was boldly stated to have supernatural powers in bringing about the state of affairs which the preacher desired for us; of course we had to come to church for that. We were also bidden to come to church continually for prayer; and we were roundly told that unless our religion included a good deal of this going to church and praying it was not worth very much. This was reasonable enough, because the praying was at any rate a purely unselfish act; it represented a concentration of desires for

the benefit of other people. A little while after, however, we were told that we could not pray unless we had Jesus in our hearts; and a little later that we could not get Jesus in our hearts without hard praying. And this was discouraging to such hearers as were honestly trying to find out what they had to do in order, at any rate, to test for themselves the *bona fides* of this great invitation.

Then came a new condition; we were to Believe—just Believe. What we were to believe the preacher did not even take the trouble to say, but he spoke about it as though it were just as easy as swallowing a pill. He did not say that we were to be intellectually satisfied, with the best faculties of intelligence which we possessed. We were rather invited to do something like opening our mouths and shutting our eyes, in order that we might receive a great surprise. That was all; and I cannot do justice to the moving sincerity with which the appeal was uttered. The preacher was speaking of things which, at any rate in the frame of mind to which he was then worked up, were living realities to him. His sincerity was obvious; he was much moved. The pathos of his voice sometimes brought the tears to his own eyes, and to the eyes of others at all sensitive to the electric currents of sympathy that fly about in such an environment. The effect upon me personally was that I would have done it all, then and there, if only to please him. I felt that it was impossible to resist such a beautiful and sincere appeal, if only I had known how to respond to it. That I should do good and not evil was obviously not the key; I knew that already, and try as consistently as I can to perform it; but certainly I have never derived, and never expect to derive, the condition of joy and beatitude described by the preacher as a result of an attempt to do what I believe to be right instead of what I believe to be wrong. I would, as I say, certainly have come to Jesus and got Him in my heart just because that eloquent preacher with the beautiful character urged me so warmly to do it, if only he had told me how. But he did not tell me; and I and the rest of the congregation went out into the Zeppelin darkness without any definite idea except that we had listened to a moving appeal, and that we should like to do something to please the good man who had made it. And the mag-

netism died out, and the effect of the eloquence faded away, without the congregation having got Jesus into its collective heart. If by that phrase was meant a hovering presence or preoccupation with some personality, or haunting by some idea embodied in a human form, it was obvious that some of them had Mr. Lloyd George, or Mr. Asquith, or General Joffre, or the Kaiser, or some beloved or hated man or woman in their hearts; but not, I am convinced, the strange feminine abstraction which was presented to us under the name of Jesus.

On a later day I was in the company of the gifted preacher, and I asked him again about the matter; but he could tell me nothing. It even seemed that when he came to see me he wanted to take a dip into my worldly attitude towards things; he was off duty, so to speak; one felt it a little unfair to talk shop to him. He was too human to be able to explain with his head what came from his heart; and the religion which he preached, which seemed to have some bane in it for the sorrows of drunkards and prostitutes, the lonely and neurotic, the immediately bereaved, the moderately poor, or any who were staggering under some immediate blow of fate or circumstance, seemed to have nothing in it for those whose burdens are just the ordinary burdens of life as it is felt by anyone accustomed to honest thought and imagination, and whose problems and puzzles are nothing more sensational than the ordinary problem and puzzle of human life and destiny.

III.

The Church of England is about to undertake a mission or crusade for the revival of religious belief in this country. From its own point of view, one would think it was about time; but to do the leaders of this movement justice, they do not seem to be animated by any panic as regards the Church itself, or anxiety to keep it going; their desire is for the good of the country. This campaign, like the great offensive of the Allies, has been preparing for some time; it is now about to be launched, and a simultaneous advance to be made on all fronts. Who the Joffre of the movement may be I do not know; it is to be hoped that there is one, for the Church of England has

never shown itself so coherent a body, or so amenable to the directions of its spiritual Commander-in-Chief and general staff, that a large, concerted movement of this kind has much chance of success unless it is led and directed by a master brain.

The moment is curiously chosen from one point of view. The war, although slowly, is drawing to an end; the emotional aspect of it, when in the first heavy strokes of death and loss people were shocked out of their habitual selves, is over. We have got accustomed to death and loss, to sorrow and bereavement; what remain are the hard facts, the economic problems, the repairing of the ravages, and the setting of our human house in order so as to prevent, if possible, the recurrence of such a cataclysm. During what may be called the emotional crisis the Church did nothing, and failed to take advantage of it in any way. It published a few badly-written collects, and manufactured a kind of war prayer-wheel and set it spinning in all the churches of the kingdom. Individually the younger clergy showed themselves to be just as finely inspired as any other class with ideas of patriotism and duty; and the work that they have done and are doing at the Front is of a kind that, we may be sure, has been of great use in cementing those bonds of fellowship in which we fight; a work such as everyone can wish well and be grateful for.

But the greatest test is coming; the test which is to prove every institution in the country, whether it justifies its existence, whether it is of use or of no use. If the Church fails now, then, indeed, her day is done. Life is going to be very strenuous and inspiring in the next decade, and if the national Church does not identify itself with the realities and facts of national life—spiritual realities and facts as well as temporal—the wave of life will pass on and leave it stranded among the memories of the past. It has long ceased to hold a monopoly of that for which the word religion stands. Patriotism is a religion in itself; and an awakened patriotism may either be a great ally of or a formidable rival to a religion of mere introspection or aspiration. It is the most formidable rival to which a religion that consists in a merely enervating absorption in ritual and routine performances can be exposed.

It is hard for people who are living in the midst of a great organisation, seeing its wheels spinning all round them, and absorbed in its activities, to realise of what utter unimportance that organisation may be to the mass of people who are living close round it. It is not enough, certainly, for such ideals as doubtless inspire the promoters of this revival, that a Church should be merely active within its own borders, a kind of enclosed hive, however loudly humming. No Church can live—even though it continue to exist on emoluments and endowments—which regards withdrawal from what it calls the world as the first essential. There are not enough people who want to withdraw; and they are mostly of the kind whose presence or withdrawal does not greatly affect the world. The world has shown that it will not go to drink the waters of spiritual life at a kind of proprietary spa, for admission to which a charge is made. The Church must go out into the world with its waters and distribute them there. If the Church wishes to gain the respect and attention of the people whose attention it, very properly, most covets—the unbelievers—it must begin at its own doors. Every parish church is an endowed nucleus which can and ought to be a centre of influence upon the life of its own immediate neighbourhood. But what effect on the life of its own environment has, for example, the ordinary parish church in London? Surely very little, almost none at all. Of course, where there are very poor people and any kind of charitable life in the congregation, they are to a certain extent looked after; but that is not enough for the Church. It ought not even to be left to the Church to look after the poor; and at any moment that work might be taken out of its hands and done far more efficiently. If the parish church does not, with all its opportunities for organisation of expenditure of energy, of time and money, set its mark on its own parish, it must surely be condemned as a failure. And if this coming activity is simply going to consist in a kind of general post of all the people who are already interested and working, all the workers of St. Stygyan's-by-the-Wall meeting the workers of St. Stupor's-in-the-West at mass meetings in the Albert Hall, then also it will be a failure. The excitement and inspiration of a great national movement are no doubt very great, but the true patriotism,

the true benefit, consists in individual men and women, societies and organisations, making their influence felt in their own immediate environment.

IV.

It is often difficult to know to what extent the clergy regard themselves as being responsible for their parishes. I have lived in six parishes in London, but no representative of any one of them has ever called at my house to see whether I or any member of my household took any interest in, or could be in any way benefited by, organisations of the parish—except once, when I was asked for a subscription. I know of a nursing home in London, where there must be at least a dozen maid-servants and a couple of dozen nurses—just the very people, one would think, that might possibly have need of a little help or advice, or who might conceivably be helped by not being left entirely to themselves. In some fifteen years, I believe, no representative of a parish heavily staffed with curates has ever called at that house—except once or twice, to ask for a subscription. There is a parish church in the heart of London which is renowned for its activity, and for the gifts and character of its incumbent, and for the earnestness and ability of its staff. It is one of the best examples of the modern Evangelical High Church movement, full of bustle and activity, with something going on all day and half the night, and where no shade of religious taste is left uncatered for; where at one hour they beat the big drum and say Come to Jesus, and at another present the Liturgy in its barest and purest form, and at another celebrate the sacraments with every circumstance of mystical symbolism. But within a stone's throw of that church are streets of shops where what I suppose is the nastiest trade in the world is openly carried on—the trade in obscene books and all the gruesome accompaniments of a furtive and degraded sexualism. There is no legislation required to suppress these places, each one of which is a centre of infection and active mischief; the law is already there, and needs only one thing to put it in motion. And what is that one thing? Influence, public opinion, the sense that such places are

a nuisance to a neighbourhood, as an open cess-pool would be. The church has been there a very long time, long before the shops were there; but they flourish in its shadow, and openly market their feeble and frivolous obscenities, while a sombre and earnest work of art like Mr. Caradoc Evans's "My People" is banned and suppressed and the author persecuted.

It seems very clear to me that something should radiate from this parish centre which should quickly make the existence of such places in its immediate neighbourhood impossible. In the Church the people daily thank God for it as the means of grace; but it is not enough to be a means of grace if you allow means of disgrace to flourish in greater force beside you. You may plant a rose in a bed of nettles, but you have not made a rose garden; and no amount of correspondence with other rose gardeners will make your rose flourish until you have dealt with the nettles. The young generation that has undergone and is undergoing so tremendous a matriculation in the university of life will judge the Church, as they will judge everything else. If the Church shows itself in sympathy with them and their ideal and needs, then they will believe in it, identify themselves with it, work with it, and follow its guidance; if not, they will leave it, and, discarding its paraphernalia of time-absorbing and money-spending activities, find God for themselves.

Mr. H. A. Barker's Offer

Military Needs and Medical Methods

By W. Llew. Williams

In the *Times* of August 10th there appeared a statement issued by the Special Committee of the Balneological Section of the Royal Society of Medicine, appointed to consider the treatment by physical remedies of disabled soldiers. It is sufficiently important to justify more than the passing notice the average reader would accord it, for this remarkable document is simply an indictment of the methods so far adopted by the Faculty in dealing with the extraordinary casualties following operations at the seat of war. These casualties are not merely colossal in number. Apart from the vital cost—unexampled and unparalleled in all previous wars—there are thousands upon thousands of injured whose wounds *cripple* to a greater or less extent our gallant soldiers. No one denies for a single moment the vast services rendered at the Front, in countless hospitals at home and abroad, by the Medical Services. The percentage of wounded who are healed of their wounds and returned to the fighting line is undeniably greater than in any previous war. That fact alone demonstrates the skill, the care, the success of the labours of those upon whose shoulders this tremendous burden rests.

Now this is a serious matter. We are combing out every available man from the industrial ranks. Employers of labour loudly proclaim that the policy has been carried to dangerous lengths; that the productive capacity of the country has been imperilled. An economy in men is as imperative as economy in material resources. To permit a cripple to be wasted because he has not been subjected to adequate treatment, *which can be obtained*, is a scandal. To lose thousands from the ranks for the same reason is monstrous, and calls for frank criticism and strong con-

demnation of any, whatever may be their position, who are responsible. As the statement we refer to says: "The reduction of crippling from wounds is a matter of national concern." For two sufficient reasons: first, a sound military reason—the necessity for returning to the fighting line at the earliest moment possible every trained man who has been injured. The experienced man has exceptional value as a fighting unit. It is obvious that his place is not filled by the man who has to learn in actual fighting the art of war. Secondly: a financial reason, expressed in this statement by the Medical Committee clearly enough in the words: "It effects an economy to the State by reducing the disabilities for which pensions and gratuities are granted."

Here are two reasons which the Committee affirm justify their demand for a departure on the part of the Faculty from those conservative methods of treatment hitherto adopted in these cases. "Nothing," they say, "which can be effected to lessen the permanent damage which wounded men have to face should be left undone while it can be efficacious."

Having stated this general principle, they proceed to direct public attention "*to a system of combined physical treatment* for which remarkable success has been claimed, yet which hitherto *has been given no adequate trial in this country*." In France? Yes. In England? No. Why? Because in France the Faculty has availed itself of every method of treatment which held out the faintest hope of proving efficacious. It was no time for rigid adherence to cast-iron rules. France's man-power has been perilously reduced by the vital cost of the war. To save every wounded soldier for the fighting ranks was a national and imperative duty. To lose a man and save the dignity of a somewhat conservative profession was a false economy. Save the man and sacrifice dignity! That has been the principle of the French Medical Faculty. In Paris and in the provinces large centres have been established where this system of physical treatment is in full operation. It includes "preparation by heat in some shape or form, moist or dry, but especially by moving water, mechanical treatment by means of apparatus; electrical applications; re-education of the affected muscles by special exercises

and training; and, finally, a thorough course of *manipulation* and massage." With what result has this "system by physical treatment" been employed? Take only the case of the Hospital at the Grand Palais in Paris. In the six months ended last February some 3,348 complete treatments were carried out. No fewer than 2,676, or 80 per cent., were "cured" and resumed their duties; 15 per cent. were recommended for auxiliary services, leaving only 215 to be discharged from the Army. "The total saving of pensions and gratuities for the entire six months from the Grand Palais work is estimated at not less than £800,000." This does not take account of "the actual removal or diminution of permanent crippling which would otherwise have been their (the soldiers') lot."

Now, it is disconcerting to find that these methods, which have produced such remarkable results in French Hospitals, have had "no adequate trial in this country." The utmost that can be said by the Special Committee, whilst they admit that "up to the present time, physical remedies have not been used with the same thoroughness and precision in England," is that "heat, moist and dry, massage and electricity are in use," and "that quite recently the *eau courante* bath of the French has been adopted at some British Hospitals. This, however, is but a single item in the treatment to which we refer, although its adoption may be regarded as a tacit admission of the good results that are being obtained by our French and Belgian Allies."

It will be noticed that there is one significant omission, conscious or unconscious, in this report. No claim is made that manipulative methods are in operation in the military hospitals, though these are stated to be an *essential department* of the newer and better methods of treating crippling wounds.

The report says: "The elements of this combined and systematic treatment are some of them familiar, *whilst some are but little known in this country*." Are we to infer that, seeing the report does not mention manipulative methods as finding a place in the treatment, the methods themselves are not known in this country? That view is the most charitable. Because, if they are known, *why* are they not used? If French troops can be healed, why cannot their

British comrades find the same effectual aid? We have the right to insist upon an answer from the Faculty, especially when a responsible representative Committee acknowledges some of the newer and more effective methods to be little known in this country. Why are they not known? We have the right to a reasoned reply.

I am specially interested in this inquiry. For the last twenty years I have had unique opportunities of studying the manipulative methods employed by Mr. H. A. Barker, the most eminent living exponent of this branch of therapeutics. For nearly a quarter of a century he has practised these methods with striking and singular success.

Hutton's methods, as studied by Dr. Wharton Hood nearly half a century ago, have been developed and perfected by Mr. Barker. It has not been done in a corner. His work has been subjected to the fierce light of criticism, and has only been condemned by those members of the Faculty who know least about it. Professional jealousy and prejudice have prevented, on the part of the Faculty as a whole, an impartial investigation of the methods employed by Mr. Barker, in spite of the fact that the evidence of their practical worth has accumulated year by year till it is overwhelming.

Truth, in a leader, said: "Mr. Barker is probably doing more to relieve suffering humanity than any living surgeon." The same journal also declared that "probably no one in the medical profession could produce a more imposing list of patients to speak to his practical qualifications. . . . His reputation extends over the whole world, and eclipses that of any living member of the medical Faculty."

The *Times*, in a leader, four years ago, spoke of Mr. Barker as "a benefactor to the public who ought to be honoured accordingly," and described him as "a master of manipulative surgery who relieves human suffering *for which no relief could be found elsewhere*."

Commenting in the *Daily Mail* upon a recent article in the *Nineteenth Century* by the Rev. J. L. Walton, B.A., dealing with Mr. Barker's work, Sir Herbert Parson wrote: "I venture to think a stronger or more overwhelming mass of evidence was never before presented in support of any practitioner, orthodox or unorthodox."

Mr. Barker's patients these last twenty years have gone to the ends of the earth to spread his fame in every quarter of the globe. They have come from every grade of society —from those who stand in the shadow of the throne, from the ranks of the learned, the aristocracy, statesmen, literary men, politicians, physicians and surgeons, soldiers and sailors of all ranks, and from that great company indicated by the phrase "the world of sport"—footballers, cricketers, golfers, etc. Nor should it be forgotten that his cases are almost invariably drawn from the ranks of those *who form the failures of the medical Faculty*.

I claim that we possess in this country to-day the leading practitioner of what is called "manipulative surgery." Yet a representative body of medical men, who may be credited with knowing the actual resources of their art, and how far and in what way the knowledge and skill of their colleagues can relieve sufferers, declare that they are "little known in this country." Five years ago Dr. Alexander Bryce, in the *British Medical Journal*, pleaded "for the admission of this new form of scientific bone-setting among the recognised methods of treatment practised by the medical profession." Despite this appeal by a practising surgeon, who had demonstrated their value in his own practice, this Special Committee has to confess to-day that those methods, the value of which French surgeons have demonstrated afresh, are "but little known in this country."

Whose fault is it? Let it be said that the fault does not lie at Mr. Barker's door. At an early stage of the war he made an offer to the War Office to treat gratuitously would-be recruits rejected as unfit for naval and military service owing to some physical disablement that had not yielded to ordinary professional methods and treatment. It was refused by the Surgeon-General, Sir Alfred Keogh. The second attempt on Mr. Barker's part, backed by influential people, failed to move the medical authorities. The late Sir Arthur Markham raised the question in the House of Commons, but the Under-Secretary for War, Mr. H. J. Tennant, failed to alter the decision of the governing medical board.

During the last eighteen months a constant stream of men from the Front—disabled, crippled, discharged on

account of injuries which resisted the best efforts of surgeons at the Front and in home hospitals—have passed through Mr. Barker's hands. To-day many of these are at the Front again, solely by his skill in the employment of those very methods of manipulation.

Let me illustrate by one case out of many. A friend of mine, the M.P. for a northern constituency, took Mark Drinkall, late of the 4th King's Own, to see Mr. Barker on June 3rd last. He was injured in September, 1915, sent to England on September 8th, spent six weeks in the Southern General Hospital, Oxford, then ten weeks at the Mortimer Convalescent Home. He was only able to walk with a stick, and in constant pain. He was then sent to Heaton Park Camp, Manchester, where he was examined daily by several doctors. He was still in constant pain, and massage was tried for four months. Early in May he came before a medical board of seven doctors. Afterwards he was given an anæsthetic at Whitworth Street Hospital, Manchester, and discharged on May 16th, 1916, as "*unfit for further military service.*"

On the day Mr. Barker first saw Drinkall he operated, and immediately afterwards the patient walked with my friend, the M.P., across the Green Park without pain. His knee is now as well as ever.

In a single unit, the 3rd Oxfords, at the Front, there are no fewer than four officers upholding their country's honour after receiving Mr. Barker's help *when ordinary treatment had entirely failed.* "Among ourselves," said a Major, "we call it the Barker Battalion!" Without that aid the services of four experienced men would have been lost.

Mr. Barker's second offer was accompanied by a petition in which a remarkable body of signatories urged that, in view of national needs, Mr. Barker's services should be gratefully accepted. *Every one of them had been effectually cured after the orthodox Faculty had failed to be of the slightest use.* Read this list of names, which, one would think, was influential enough to move any board not dominated by professional prejudice. Lord Digby, Lord William Cecil, the Countess of Yarborough, the Marchioness of Exeter, Sir Daniel Gooch, Sir Charles King-Harman, Sir Krishna G. Gupta, Major-General

Count Gleichen (a cousin of the King), General Sir William Pitcairn Campbell, Rear-Admiral Mark Kerr (late Commander-in-Chief of the Royal Greek Navy), Godfrey Featherstonhaugh, K.C., M.P., J. M. Moorsom, K.C., S. Rees Phillips, M.D., H. G. Wells, Lieut.-Col. H. J. C. Walker, and Col. E. D. B. Synge-Hutchinson, V.C., etc. Can it be doubted that patients so able to command the best aid modern science can render failed to secure effectual relief long before they resorted to one whom the Faculty call a "quack"? Is it a matter for surprise that members of the House of Commons have expressed their determination to force this question on Ministers and to demand some statement from the War Office, showing *why* this patriotic offer on the part of the greatest exponent of manipulative methods living should be curtly refused without any reason being assigned?

It constitutes a scandal that men injured in His Majesty's service should be forced to go unhelped whilst other men suffering from precisely the same disablements are being relieved by Mr. Barker, simply because they ignore the official attitude and seek his help. Before me there lies a mass of correspondence from officers of all grades who testify to the value of Mr. Barker's services. Men of means, they could command them, or, as in Drinkall's case, a friend at court secured him the aid he needed. Why should not these services be available for all, irrespective of rank or means? Mr. Barker offered his services gratuitously. Nay, he even offered to surrender his private work and devote his time to helping our crippled warriors.

Allow me to adduce some of the evidence—quote a few specimen letters from individual medical men:—

No. 1:

"Let me give my experience as a physician. . . . I was in a fair way of becoming a cripple this year. . . . I went to see Mr. Barker. . . . He cured me and made me walk well again. . . . I slipped while playing golf, and my right knee swelled up and got painful. I had been in the habit of walking some miles every day, but then a quarter of a mile, and that with a stick, was all that I could do. . . . Then a clergyman of Exmouth said: 'Why don't you go to Mr. Barker? I have been to him and been cured by him. I was for many years more or less lame, . . . and, never getting any permanent help from the medical men I consulted, I went to Mr. Barker. He put me under gas and cured me at once. I have never been lame since.'—SUTHERLAND REES-PHILLIPS, M.D."

(*Daily Express*, July, 1914.)

No. 2:

"With immense surprise and regret I read in your issue of December 22nd that the War Office has seen fit to disregard the offer of Mr. H. A. Barker. . . . I have had a good many opportunities of vouching for the skill and success of this gentleman, and in particular remember the case of one of my sons-in-law, who, two years ago, having had a cartilage removed from a knee-joint without benefit, was so completely cured under Mr. Barker's hands that he has now passed through sixteen months of active service in France with perfect comfort. This is only one out of many similar cases I could name.—C. W. HAIG-BROWN, M.D., Charterhouse, Godalming."

(*The Star*, December 28th, 1915.)

The testimony of this gentleman carries significant weight when one learns he is Medical Officer of one of the first Public Schools in England, and as such constantly dealing with crippling disablements.

No. 3:

"For many months I was crippled with a joint injury which refused to respond to the treatment of several surgeons, including a specialist of the highest eminence. I finally consulted Mr. Barker, who correctly diagnosed what was wrong, operated upon the joint, and effected a complete cure.—'M.D.' (DR. C. M. WHEELER)."

(*The World*, October 27th, 1914.)

No. 4:

"About twelve months ago my wife had the misfortune to injure her knee. . . . All the remedies known to the profession were applied without avail, and I was advised the only possible cure to adopt was to operate. This I refused to allow. . . . I then determined to seek Mr. Barker's help. In less than two minutes he put matters right and made an absolute cure of her case. This is only one of many thousand similar cases. Surely it is time that this branch of surgery should be recognised.—W. ROSS, L.R.C.P.I."

(*Daily Express*, July 28th, 1914.)

No. 5:

"Having recently been a patient of Mr. Barker, and being a qualified medical man myself, I am greatly interested in the letters published in the *Daily Express*. . . . I know many medical men who have been under Mr. Barker's treatment, and also send cases to him for treatment. I, for one—and I am sure there are many others—would like to see his methods taught at the medical schools as a very important branch of surgery.—A SURGEON."

(*Daily Express*, July 31st, 1914.)

No. 6:

"Some time ago I had a patient suffering from a painful and obscure affection of the ankle, which was causing her great pain and suffering, making walking almost impossible, and which for a long time refused to improve, though orthodox remedies were perseveringly tried. I advised her to see a famous London surgeon. She saw two at different times. She also went to Berlin and saw an eminent surgeon there. Their advice and treatment resulted in no improvement whatever.

"When she returned she told me that she would like to see Mr. H. A. Barker, as he had cured a friend of hers. I agreed, and she did so. At

the end of a few weeks she had made a complete recovery, relief being afforded almost immediately.

"My own son was at that time suffering from an ankle injury, which also refused to yield to treatment by three surgeons at different times. It prevented him from indulging in any kind of sport at his university. Having already had experience of Mr Barker's methods, I took my son to him and witnessed the treatment. . . . He has been quite well ever since, and now plays football and other games without feeling anything of the old trouble.*—GEORGE GARRARD, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.Lond."

Here, then, is evidence, and it can be multiplied indefinitely—not of ignorant laymen, but of professional men of undoubted standing, showing that, in their judgment, Mr. Barker's skill and knowledge far transcend in this department that of the Faculty. It passes my comprehension how the Faculty, in view of declarations and confessions by many of its members, can continue to claim any adequate knowledge of these manipulative methods. Take, for example, the confession of the Medical Correspondent of the *Times* (February 24th, 1911). After referring to Dr. Wharton Hood's study of Hutton's methods, published in two volumes more than fifty years ago, he claimed that the knowledge of these methods "soon became well and widely known in the profession." Up to that time these had been the so-called "hinterland of surgery"—it was a hinterland of surgery no longer. It had been fully explored, and everything connected with it had been disclosed to all who would be at pains to learn. But he had to add: "If Dr. Wharton Hood had held an appointment in a London hospital, and had done his work before students, it would long ago have been universally known and imitated by surgeons. But the actual teachers were not sufficiently prompt to acknowledge and welcome the work of a man who was not a member of their own body, and the students had no opportunity of seeing its value." If this needed any emphasis, it was given by Dr. Alexander Bryce in his article on "Mechano-Therapy in Disease" (*British Medical Journal*, September 10th, 1910). Referring to Wharton Hood's book on Hutton's methods, he says: "But this book has been almost forgotten and his precepts neglected."

Sir Arbuthnot Lane, F.R.C.S., puts the ignorance of the Faculty beyond controversy when he declares "the bone-setter has profited by the inexperience of the profession and

* This patient was, through Mr. Barker's treatment, enabled to go to the front.

by the tendency which exists amongst its members of adhering blindly to creeds whose only claim to consideration is their antiquity." Further, Sir Arbuthnot, in the course of a recent clinical lecture on fractures, said: "The bone-setter flourishes *because the surgeon is deficient in a certain knowledge*." Mr. Steward, another eminent surgeon, has declared that "the failure of the medical profession was due to a lack of the study of the conditions present, *and of the methods used by the bone-setter*."

This alone explains the omission of the methods of manipulation from the list of physical remedies in use in military hospitals. The Faculty plays "a dog-in-the-manger" policy. Having neglected the precepts of Wharton Hood, and forgotten his book, it finds itself ignorant when knowledge is invaluable. But if it cannot supply the knowledge from its own ranks, it will not allow skill and knowledge from outside to make good its deficiency, and to repair its neglect. The *Faculty* cannot, and Barker shall not! That in a sentence is the situation. Meanwhile, both Services and the public suffer rather than the dignity and exclusiveness of the Medical Faculty be invaded.

Can Mr. Barker really do the work which the Faculty have failed to perform? Can he succeed where they fail? That, again, is a matter of evidence. In bulk it is overwhelming. Let me briefly sample it, always keeping in mind the refusal of the Military Medical Board to use Mr. Barker's services for those who, by the working medical staff, are given up as hopeless cases to be discharged from the Army.

Mrs. Frances E. J. Parker, the sister of Lord Kitchener, in a letter published in the *Globe* on Friday, September 8th, 1916, states:—

"As Lord Kitchener's sister, may I make an appeal on behalf of those men who through certain physical disabilities are unable to join his Majesty's Forces, and more particularly on account of those who, owing to injuries sustained in the defence of their country, are unable to return to their place at the front?

"Only a few days ago I sent to Mr. Barker a soldier, H. W. Townley, of the West Kent Regiment, who, after many months' unsuccessful treatment at home and abroad, was discharged as unfit for further service owing to a perfectly useless arm. Two visits to Mr. Barker put the patient right, and thus a man has been saved for the country and so much pension money for the national purse. Is it not time that this matter was given greater publicity?"

Captain T. P. Ellis writes of the "entirely satisfactory result" of the operation Mr. Barker recently performed upon the cartilage of his right knee. He goes on to say:—

"I originally injured the knee at football as long ago as 1912, and despite lengthy treatment from two surgeons it remained always weak, painful, and unreliable. While on active service in March of this year the trouble reappeared in a worse form than ever, as the result of an accident when riding, and it was found necessary to invalid me to England. After two months' treatment in hospital I was discharged, and condemned to wear a heavy leather support on the limb, which was an insufferable inconvenience. The right leg is now just as sound in every way as the other one.

"Kensington, W., 14/7/16."

In this case the Army Medical Board raised no objection when they were informed Mr. Barker had cured the patient.

Not being able to deny a notable cure had been wrought, the Medical Board pass the soldier; but when an offer is made by the man who wrought the notable cure to do the same for the rank and file who are similarly crippled, the Army Medical Authorities reject it as beneath their dignity. As a whole, the Faculty ignore all the evidence of those who, being the failures of the Faculty, are the raw material out of which Mr. Barker has built his success.

In the *Army and Navy Gazette* during May and June, 1915, a noteworthy correspondence took place upon the case of Dr. Axham, who, as Mr. Barker's anæsthetist; had been struck off the Register for "infamous conduct—in a professional respect." This correspondence affords singularly strong proof of Mr. Barker's extraordinary success where the orthodox practitioners had undeniably failed, or, perhaps, better proof of that want of knowledge on the part of the Faculty of these particular manipulative methods. If they knew them, why in Heaven's name did they not give these distinguished soldiers and sailors the benefit of their knowledge of and skill in them? Why leave them to the unorthodox practitioner? Major Butt declares that for several years he was lame, despite the efforts of one doctor after another, and that after all this wasted time he was cured in a few days by Mr. Barker.

Captain W. H. M. Daniel (R.N.) says that after being kept in bed a month by a local practitioner, and then taking

a fortnight's treatment at Bath under a specialist there, "recourse to a London specialist of well-known repute was sought. This gentleman recommended a special knee appliance, but this proved futile. Eighteen months a cripple, and then kind Providence prompted me to seek the aid of Mr. Barker, who at once diagnosed a displaced cartilage, and set it right, so that in a day or two I could run and jump in a way I dared not attempt during the previous year and a half."

Lieut.-Col. Fred. G. Barker writes to say that his son had a bad knee which prohibited anything like sport, and "would in all probability have prevented him joining the Army." Mr. Barker operated, and since then he has played cricket and football, and joined his regiment last February. "I have," he concludes, "several men serving here now who have returned from the Expeditionary Force with knees apparently similar." Major-General —— states that he has twice (for separate injuries) been operated upon by Mr. Barker with complete success, and having stated how he had seen a soldier who came into the operating-room on crutches, "in five minutes had thrown his crutches away and was stamping round the room with both feet—a modern miracle," and declares that, having recently returned from the Front, "he can testify to the numbers of men who have injured or displaced their knee-joints by falling into trenches, ditches, shell-holes, and the like in the dark, and who have been sent home invalided, as the surgeons out there and at home are quite unable to cure them. Yet, though Mr. Barker made his generous offer to the medical authorities, they have refused it. Words fail me to express what I think of them."

The gallant Major-General may be sure that the medical authorities will be as much untouched by his anger as they are unmoved by his testimony. If evidence could influence their minds, Mr. Barker's plea for recognition of the methods, and the inclusion of them in the curriculum of the schools, would have been responded to years ago. His appeal is now to the general public, to those whose interests are to be considered first. It is for them, through their representatives in the House of Commons, to demand that the only methods admittedly adequate shall be recognised and used.

Finally, Vice-Admiral Mark Kerr, late Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Navy, bearing testimony to Mr. Barker's treatment "after some months of suffering," goes on to say in regard to Mr. Barker's offer to the War Office, "I have read in the Press that Mr. Barker has, very patriotically, placed his services gratis at the disposal of all suffering from the complaints in which he specialises, who want to join the New Army, but who are unable to do so owing to knee or other muscle troubles. It seems nothing short of a crime that any 'red tape' should stand in the way of their being able to make use of Mr. Barker's services, and consequently becoming valuable additions to His Majesty's Forces."

It is equally criminal to permit professional pride and prejudice to stand in the way of men injured in their country's service receiving the adequate attention they have the right to expect. The question is one for public opinion to decide. We are sacrificing, more or less willingly, every day some old rule or principle of action; we are scrapping old methods and boldly taking up new methods in every department. Is the one department to escape this revolutionary change the department which has to do with the medical and surgical treatment of our brave fellows injured in our service? Upon their present treatment depends their future condition as civilians, parts of the social and industrial organism, when the war is over. It will be a scandal beyond words if men then have to face the difficult days which will follow the war *crippled*, and to that extent *handicapped*, because when they were under treatment pride, prejudice, ignorance had their fate in their hands and sacrificed them to satisfy a professional caste.

Musical Notes

By Edwin Evans

At this time of the year there is only one musical subject of topical interest: the Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall; but there is much to be said concerning an annual institution that appears to reach a wider public than any other musical event of the year. At a first glance the sight of a Promenade audience, on its feet for an entire evening, in normal times packed to the verge of discomfort, and at all times rapt in attention, would seem to dispose for good and all of the question: "Are we a musical nation?" It is only when it is heard applauding, practically without discrimination, every piece of music—good, bad, or indifferent—placed before it, and much that is not music at all, that the observer begins to wonder whether such appreciation has any musical intelligence behind it. That is the second stage. It is followed by a third stage, in which the observer learns to distinguish the sound of the applause that proceeds from a sportsmanlike desire to make the performers happy, or from the wish to be identified with some impeccable sentiment expressed in words or music, and that which indicates a real emotional movement. Then our friendly observer, unless he be a cynic, will realise at last that the ranks of our audiences are by no means devoid of taste. It is true that the executive, rather than the creative, gift meets with its due reward, but that is true of every really democratic audience in the world. The composer has everywhere to wait for appreciation. On the whole, the Promenade audience is one of the most encouraging features of our musical life. The action of the business firm which now runs the "New Queen's Hall Orchestra" in holding together this nucleus of a larger musical public, when it has temporarily ceased to be a business proposition, should in the long run mitigate the reproach of too blatant commercialism.

The withdrawal of Sir Edgar Speyer from his association with the Queen's Hall really provided Messrs. Chappell and Co. with a splendid opportunity, provided that they really wish to stand before the public as something more than balladmongers. It is scarcely fair to attempt to gauge their intentions from their present efforts. A forward policy is incompatible with "war economy." To mention one item only, the expense of rehearsals grows alarmingly the moment the beaten track is departed from, and with an orchestra that has incurred so many gaps under the Service Act the expense would be prohibitive. Hence we must cheerfully and gratefully accept some second-rate performances and a humdrum selection of programmes. But, in the future, with the expected revival of interest in music, there will come an opportunity of making of this popular institution something resembling an Autumn Salon, with a gallery of selected old masters, and a thoroughly representative exhibition of contemporary art. The time has gone when the attempt to systematise the programmes on these lines would have spelt financial loss. Instead of lamenting that unfamiliar works keep the public away, concert-givers are now heard complaining that only new works attract it, and still more will this be the case after the war, when a national revival will compete with a newly-awakened curiosity concerning the music of our Allies. Instead of the present haphazard selections, it will then be possible to compile programmes the annual volumes of which might serve as a compendium of musical development. But that must wait.

Meanwhile, the brave show of "first performances" is misleading. Some were not "first," and some have been in no sense "performances," but were scratch readings, whilst of the remainder many were too trifling to merit review as novelties. The programmes have not gained in interest to any appreciable extent from the inclusion of new works. The exclusion of contemporary German music and the curtailment of the German classics have been much more effective to that end. Though the war provided the occasion for this, the change was desirable apart from the war. The message of modern German music was in most instances that of modern Germany, which we can do without, and it is no more disrespectful to give the classics a

minor share in our programmes than it is to give more shelf space to contemporary literature and less to the "hundred best books," or one theatre to Shakespeare and a score to plays dealing with contemporary life. Moreover, this newer programme policy is enabling us at last to do justice to such mighty men of the recent past as César Franck and Alexander Borodin, who, between them, helped so much in the rejuvenation of music when, in German care, it threatened to become *gâteux*.

For these reasons I prefer not to criticise too closely the Promenade programmes. Like the gentleman who complained in the Press, I miss certain names. It would have had a pleasant actuality to renew acquaintance with the "London" Symphony of Pte. Vaughan Williams, or some works by composers who have fallen in action. I would cheerfully have sacrificed Glazounoff's Paraphrase on the Allied National Anthems to listen to some of the folk-music of the late Lieut. Butterworth. We have had Dvorák's symphony "*From* the New World." It is *towards* a New World that our symphonies should tend, and I believe there are more reliable sign-posts to be found in our own music than in nigger tunes adapted by a Czech. This is not rhetoric. It is, I hope, a plausible suggestion. Messrs. Chappell have, I repeat, a great opportunity if they elect to be something more than purveyors of pianos and ballads.

They are publishers, and commercially successful as such. One of the many disadvantages that handicap the native composer as compared with his Russian and French *confrères* is precisely this difficulty of publication. It is even possible that some of the works which we have missed were not accessible because they only existed in manuscript. The publication of large orchestral works is nowhere very profitable. At the best the capital outlay returns slowly to the till. Yet there are to be found publishers who, whether from public spirit or to enhance their prestige, habitually publish works which are not expected to prove commercially profitable. Nor have they all the advantage of an Autumn Salon at which they can exhibit the works which are engaging their attention as publishers. Truly, Messrs. Chappell and Co. have a great opportunity.

THE WAR OF LIBERATION

The Pan-German Scheme. III*

By Custos

It remains to point out three mistakes which should be avoided if it is desired to encompass the ruin of the Pan-Germanic scheme, and, as a consequence, bring about the end of great armaments. On February 29th last the Chamber of Commerce of Budapest studied in full session the measures to be taken in view of the future war which shall complete the insufficient results of a war which is already considered as *imperfect*. During the debate it was declared that, in view of a fresh conflagration, the States which are Germany's allies in the present war should form an economic community. It therefore becomes impossible for the Allies to entertain the slightest doubt as to the new war which would issue fatally, sooner or later, from this economic and forcibly political union of the Central Empires. The consequences of the extension of the German Zollverein to Austria-Hungary would secure to Germany the retaining of her spoils of war and the exclusive monopoly of commercial action over some 3,000,000 kilometres; *per contra*, the Allies would have to bear all their war expenditure—in other words, bring about the ruin of their peoples, while at the same time Prussian militarism would be far more powerful than heretofore, since it would dispose of fifteen to twenty-one million soldiers. Mr. Runciman has declared that Great Britain is determined to labour without delay against the formation of an economic alliance between the Powers of Central Europe. Since the Economic Conference is to meet shortly, it becomes important to demonstrate that the problem which demands a solution has been considered, inadvertently no doubt, by our English friends in

* The volume dealing with Pan-Germanism, by M. André Chéredame, will be published shortly by John Murray.

inaccurate terms which require being modified, for they would otherwise lead to deplorable consequences which are to be avoided. If it is laid down that the Allies will form an economic alliance *to struggle after the war against the* Central Powers' Zollverein, and to prevent the German Empire from entertaining the hope of placing *other* countries besides Austria-Hungary under its commercial domination, it would be tantamount to supposing by deduction that the Allies would consent to a Prussianised Germany to dispose of the 50 million inhabitants of Austria-Hungary which would secure for Berlin the means of carrying out the Hamburg-Persian Gulf plan. A like solution is utterly incompatible with the object which the Allies seek to attain—viz., the destruction of Prussian militarism. It is imperative that the proposed economic *entente* of the Allies should be absolutely independent of Berlin's plan of forming a Central European Union. Were we to permit the Allies' Press to let it be understood that the extension of the German Zollverein to Austria-Hungary is to be tolerated by the Allies, it would be tantamount to allowing the German Press to uplift the *moral* of the German people, which is weakening, by demonstrating to them that they may still count on the realisation of the principal part of the Pan-Germanic plan, *which they look upon as the essential object of the war*. The German proposition of an extension of the Zollverein is radically incompatible with the engagements entered into by the Allies with Serbia. In his recent toast to the Prince Regent of Serbia, M. Poincaré said: "Together with the Serbian Army the Allies will liberate Serbian territory, re-establish on a solid foundation the independence and the sovereignty of your noble country, and avenge your violated freedom." Were it to be tolerated that Germany should get Austria-Hungary within her grasp, this solemn pledge could not be carried into execution. A Greater Germany bordering on the Balkans would prove Serbia's death. The extension of the German Zollverein would plunge into the deepest despair the 28 million Slavs and Latins who are the Habsburgs' subjects, and who are looking towards the Allies for their emancipation. It is of the highest importance that these 28 million people should be made to understand henceforth that they can depend on us, and that all they

have to do is to wait a while for their liberation. Such is beyond doubt our moral duty, as well as the future interest of the Allies, for the independence of the 28 million Slavs and Latins of Austria-Hungary is indispensable to the creation of a new Europe endowed with a lease of life, one which, based on the principle of nationalities, will constitute an insurmountable barrier in Central Europe against any offensive aggression of Pan-Germanism. It will be plainly seen that it becomes imperative that no equivocation should find a place in the Allied Press with regard to the Economic Conference of the Allies. Let the Conference devote itself even now to take, after the declaration of peace, "concerted means whereby to resist the dishonest practices with which Germany has sought to bring about the annihilation of her rivals." Nothing could be better, but at no price should the slightest solidarity, even apparent, exist between the Allies' plans and Germany's to create the Zollverein of Central Europe. Moreover, as Mr. Lloyd George said recently: "Before discussing the commercial *régime* to be adopted after the war, it is necessary to win the war first. Everything depends on that." Now, the war will not have been won until any ulterior offensive on the part of Pan-Germanism shall have been rendered impossible.

A second mistake to be avoided, if we wish to secure the ruining of the Pan-Germanic plans, concerns the Ottoman Empire. There are people who believe that by concluding a separate peace with Turkey, Germany would be deprived of the assistance of her Ottoman ally. This constitutes a dangerous illusion, and a like policy would be playing into the hands of Germany and seriously jeopardise the Allies' victory. The Turks as a nation are beginning to realise that they are mere puppets in the hands of Germany, and that they have been fighting her battle, and that to her sole advantage. But if the masses understand this fact plainly, the Young Turks, who still rule them, are masters of the governmental machine, and these Young Turks are hopelessly involved with Germany. Now, to resolve upon a separate peace with Turkey would be fatal for the Allies, who would be thereby recognising the permanency of the Ottoman Empire, thus saving it from disaster, and again affording Berlin the possibility of renewing German action upon the conclusion of a

"drawn game" peace. The solution of the Ottoman Eastern Question has been for years the despair of the Chancelleries, and worm-eaten Turkey owes its existence to the rivalries of the Powers. In order to create a state of things that will last, it is necessary that the principle of nationalities should be applied in the case of Turkey. Now, out of the 20 million inhabitants of the Ottoman Empire four great nationalities absorb 17 millions. In the absence of reliable statistics, it is estimated that there are in Turkey 3,000,000 Levantines, Europeans, and Jews, 2,000,000 Greeks, 2,000,000 Armenians, 7,000,000 Arabs, and only 6,000,000 Turks. Since the Greeks are, unfortunately, not grouped in a solid mass, there are several solutions to be examined in order to allow them to obtain a portion of the Ottoman Empire should they side with the Allies in the Balkans. As regards the Arabs, they detest the Turks, who have oppressed them for years, and they should be freed from their yoke. As for the Armenians, who have just been massacred in hundreds, it is plainly out of the question to leave them any longer to the tender mercies of an Enver, of a Talaat, and the rest. To come to the 6,000,000 Turks, who represent less than one-third of the peoples of the Ottoman Empire, they do not really inhabit Anatolia—*i.e.*, that fraction of the Ottoman Empire comprised between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. Everywhere else, moreover, they are detestable officials who cynically exploit the other peoples of the Ottoman Empire. There are, it is true, a few thousand Turks employed in connection with the Ottoman Debt, but it is absolutely necessary that they should be under the supervision of Europeans, for the Turks of Constantinople are corrupt to the core, and are unfit to govern, in the proper sense of the word, the honest peasantry of Anatolia, whose "mentality" is several centuries behind. As regards Constantinople, it is not a Turkish city, but an essentially cosmopolitan one. Of its 1,200,000 inhabitants 43 per cent. are Turks, 18 per cent. Armenians, 17 per cent. Greeks, 16 per cent. Jews, 16 per cent. Europeans, Levantines, and others. Moreover, it is evident that at the end of the war Russia must perforce acquire a preponderant influence in Constantinople. This is the compensation due to her for her huge sacrifices in men and money. She can no longer

tolerate being "bottled up" in the Black Sea. M. Milnikoff plainly expressed this view when he said that Russia would not cease fighting until she possessed a free outlet from the Black Sea. Now the Germans, by spreading the rumour of a separate peace between the Allies and the Turks, hope to derive an advantage from this proposition. They reckon on certain organs of the Western Allies' Press welcoming this idea, of which they would make instant use to stimulate in Russia a violent current of indignation and of doubt against the Western Allies. What happened in 1915 must be a warning to us. In that year the Germans exploited to the fullest extent our apparent passiveness at a time when they were rolling back the Russians. Not that we were really indifferent, but we still clung to the theory of the Western front as the decisive factor—a theory which prevented our intervention by way of Salonika. So it happened that for a long period the Russians bore a grudge against us for what seemed to them an inexplicable passivity. This precedent makes it perfectly clear that the entertaining of the idea of separate peace with Turkey, at the very time when Russian successes in Armenia are progressing by bounds, and are favouring the Salonika operations by drawing off Turkish forces, would have a most disastrous effect on the Russian mind. This consideration should be amply sufficient to prevent us from falling into the latest Turko-Boche trap.

Concurrent with the spreading of the rumour of a separate peace with the Turks it has been hinted that the Bulgars would likewise treat with the Allies. At heart, it is true, they sigh for peace, since the continuation of the war cannot give them any more than what they hold at present. On the contrary, should the Allies win a victory at Salonika, it would bring with it the punishment they dread ever since the German failure at Verdun. The Bulgarian nation is sick at heart from the heavy losses it has incurred in its campaign against Serbia; while the Bulgarian Army, chafing under the rule of German officers, has been depleted by desertions, and is, to a great extent, in a state of mutiny. Under the circumstances she would be acting wisely in every respect were she to conclude a peace with the Allies, a peace which is being worked for in London in an underhand, but none the less active,

fashion. Well-informed British opinion is in revolt against such a proposal. On March 23rd a member of Parliament demanded an assurance that Bulgaria should not be permitted to make a separate peace, and more especially that she should not be suffered to acquire territory at the expense of nationalities who had fought with the Allies. We are in accord with this sentiment, which represents the moral and material interests, present and future, of the Allies. It would be illusory to reckon on a popular movement of any value on the part of the Bulgarian population against its ruler. Ferdinand has ever acted as he saw fit, and now that he has joined hands with Berlin he may reckon on the full support of the Germans. There is little doubt but that the crafty politicians of Sofia may make a pretence of negotiating with the Allies in order to cause us to delay our offensive advance from Salonika—an advance which is dreaded in Berlin; but it would be caressing a false dream to imagine that a lasting and genuine peace could be entered into with Bulgaria. To treat with the Bulgars, who, with the Germans, have systematically butchered 700,000 Serbs, would be tantamount to a betrayal of Serbia. Besides, from a military standpoint it would hardly prove judicious. In order to avoid fighting 350,000 Bulgars, the Allies would have to abandon all hope of co-operation on the part of Serbian soldiers, who would forsake them on the day that the Allies treated with Bulgaria. Moreover, a political and military *entente* with Bulgaria would be fatal to one with Rumania and Greece, who are already inclining towards the Allies, since the plan of a Bulgarian hegemony to the shores of the Adriatic constitutes a nightmare for both Greeks and Rumans. Like the Prussians, the Bulgars will not renounce their plan of domination until they have received a sound thrashing.

An essential factor in the struggle is that the Allies should at once combat the German propaganda, which has poisoned the minds of European neutrals possessing Germanophil sentiments, not to say American and Asiatic opinion, and which has been successful to a great extent; for its falsehoods, though cynical and absurd, repeatedly scattered under various insidious forms, have captivated those not acquainted with the actual facts. It is important

that the Allies should now and at once join hands in organising a common propaganda based on a few arguments derived from what the Germans have accomplished so far, and which would set forth clearly the premeditation, and therefore the responsibility, of Germany, and the plan of a universal domination which she is striving for. This plan had as its aim the occupation by Germany of 3,474,238 kilometres; now, at the beginning of 1916, this scheme had been realised to the extent of 3,035,572 kilometres. This geographical proof is confirmed by the annexationist manifesto which the Imperial Chancellor caused to be addressed to him by some of the most important German organisations. Germany's manifest desire of laying hands upon Riga, Calais, Verdun, Belfort, and Salonika would stand revealed in all its nudity. The neutrals should be shown that Germany, following upon a long premeditation, has planned to enslave in Europe and in Turkey 127 million non-Germans; and that if the war still lasts, it is because she has not renounced her plan of universal domination. The realisation of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf plan would threaten in a direct fashion the independence of all the civilised countries of the world, and particularly Japan, the South American States, and the United States of America. It remains to be pointed out that no point of comparison exists between the violation by Germany of Belgium's neutrality and the occupation of Salonika by the Allies. The Allies have not gone into Greece with the purpose of conquering her. The Allies have entered Greece to rescue Serbia, her ally, and to checkmate Germany's burglarious action in regard to Austria-Hungary, the Balkans, and Turkey. The treaties which give England, France, and Russia the right to defend the Hellenic Constitution are sufficient in international law to justify their presence in Greece. And it is, above all, essential to demonstrate that the Allies, by so doing, are guarding the collective freedom of nations. These arguments will tell with the neutrals, since they will compel them to see that their own interests are in peril.

Our Million Black Army!

By Major Darnley-Stuart-Stephens

It may yet be an unpleasing sensation to the Germans on the Western front to find themselves outnumbered, say five to one, by Zulu and Basuto warriors, who charge home, regardless of all musketry and artillery fire. And yet, to how many thousands of elderly English officers and soldiers is that situation well known? When, for example, the Zulus, after hurling wave after wave of fiery valour upon Sir Evelyn Wood's laager at Kambula, failed at eve in what looked at first like an overwhelming attack, did they break and scatter before the accelerative of our shrapnel? Not a bit of it. These superb savages, like Napoleon's Old Guard after Waterloo, marched proudly away. Even when pursued and killed in numbers by Buller's irregular cavalry, their lofty bearing and calm acceptance of their fate almost awed the troopers of those improvised corps, which numbered in their ranks the concentrated rascality of half the States of Europe. In the long-drawn-out Basuto Campaign—Sir Gordon Sprigg's "Gun War"—we utterly failed to achieve our objective, the compulsory disarming of these black highlanders of South Africa, for the very self-sufficient reason that the Cape Colonial Army, with which I was then serving, was, incredible as it may read, a long way inferior in military excellence to a tribe of black South African hillmen. The Zulus, their cousins; the Basutos, their kinsmen; the Matabeli, who broke away from Zululand and sought adventure and conquest in the Rhodesia of to-day; the Ashantis—these great warrior nations had been so long accustomed to victory that they went into action against an English army fully expecting success, a feeling that of itself went a long way towards securing victory. Witness Isandhlwana, where a battalion of the 24th "was eaten up" by Cetewayo's crescent-horned impis, and the desperate fighting that attended Sir James Willcock's relief of Kumassi. Yet of these formidable foes of the past not one representative is to be found fighting in France, while the French

brought early in the war to the Western trenches thousands of the fanatic Moors, who scarce a decade before were hurling themselves against my friend General D'Amade's troops outside Casablanca.

The French African colonies have provided some thirty thousand coloured soldiers since the commencement of this mighty struggle. These are either in France or in Algeria, where they have been brought from that unlimited recruiting ground in West Africa which our friends across the Channel are systematically exploiting and which we, for the purposes of war in Europe, have left severely alone. True, for local military needs, for literally "carrying the war into Africa," the British Government in the 'eighties employed Sir Frederick Lugard in raising the West African Frontier Force—the nucleus of which, by the by, was the Lagos Hausa Battalion, which I commanded in the far-off days of 1882. Also there is the West African Regiment, formed from the Mandingoes, Timinie, and other fighting tribes from the hinterland of Sierra Leone.

But there has been no wholesale levy like that which has taken place in the adjoining French colonies. Why, and at a time when annihilation is the only course by which we can arrive at a peace which will endure? And annihilation can only be brought about, as Nelson has preached, by flinging into the scale overwhelming numbers. Some 20,000 Hausas, Yorubas, and Fullini, from the Lagos hinterland, could be recruited in two months. I would undertake to do so if given a free hand, one unhampered by red tape. Years past, when the Niger Valley was, in a European sense, no man's land, I travelled overland from Lagos to Onitshi on the Niger in quest of recruits for the Gold Coast Hausa Force, and I got them. Now that Nigeria has become, under Lugard's and Girouard's rule, a species of second-class India, surely it ought not to be impossible to raise there a division of negroid soldiers, where I alone, in hourly peril of my life, contrived to recruit for England some most excellent mercenaries, as I years afterwards did for the Congo Free State and for the French expeditions to Dahomey and Madagascar. *Inter alia*, my reports on the recruitment of Hausas from the mid-Niger for the "Force Publique" military service of the vast Central African State which owed its creation to the efforts of

my dear friend, the late Sir Henry Stanley (peace be to his ashes!), must have formed envious reading for Prussian Staff officers who, when Brussels was occupied, were charged with the rummaging, at the offices of the late General Strauch, of the archives of the Congo Free State. I write "envious," because I declined to act as a recruiting agent for the German Major von Wismann, who was driven to the end of his wits—no long road to travel—to scare up native mercenaries for his Imperial master's brand-new West African settlements—territorial assets which have now passed, once and for all, under the British flag. This by the way. As our success in the "great push" will mainly depend on fighting at close quarters, and as accuracy in shooting will not be of first account, the natural instinct of these savages from West Central Africa for the use of the bayonet would go far to make up for their want of marksmanship. So let us have that 20,000 by way of a commencement.

But it is down South that we can secure not one, but three divisions, an army corps of blacks, who can learn drill more quickly than Europeans. It was astonishing to me, when I raised at Verulam, Natal, the Natal Native Pioneers, to see the zeal, the undisguised interest and application the native levies which I commanded brought to bear upon all military lessons given them. The Zulus, the Natal Zulus, and the Basutos take the utmost pride in being soldiers and in acquiring any art or exercise connected with the management and handling of arms or the movements of armed bodies. There seems to be something in the disposition and genius of the common stock from which they come, *some hereditary bias in their brain*, in their very blood, which fits the Zulus and Basutos for the easy acquisition of the fighting trade. And yet I have never known more than a few of Cetewayo's braves who could be taught any mechanical handicraft; indeed, many can never learn to draw a straight line.

These South African fighting peoples had been formed, about the time that Napoleon was conquering Europe, into purely military monarchies, whose first aim was to be powerful and to dominate over all their neighbours. The founder of the Zulu nation was the Frederick the Great of the African continent. The Zulu king's laws were little

more than an iron code intended for the government of an army, before the wants and requirements of which every other consideration had to bend. All those laws which in most civilised countries were designed for the protection of property and the social well-being of the men, women, and children who composed them were by Chaka contrived solely with a view to the fighting efficiency of the army, upon which the kingdom rested, and which, in fact, was that kingdom itself. How very like Prussia of the eighteenth century! And how pleasing the irony of fate would work out if we now could hurl an army corps of the descendants of the giants of the African Frederick the Great's "celibate" man-slaying machine against modern successors of the Great Elector's overgrown grenadiers! And why not? For I maintain this wonderful thing can be accomplished, but not unless our British blacks are raised, organised, and led by men to whom the "nature" of the negro is no mystery.

The more I have associated with the African negro the stronger has become my impression that he is no more suited to stand alone than a white child would be. He can only learn to do his fair share of daily work, to till and cultivate or to learn discipline under an enlightened but very strict master, a master who understands the psychology of the African nature in all its moods and tenses. For Sambo is not all alike. Some blacks love fighting, others duck their heads, run like hares at the sound of a gun, and these, the Kroomen of the West Coast, are imbued with the thews of the Farnese Hercules.

He is a strange study, the descendant of old Ham. Mahommedanism, by forbidding impure meats and spirituous liquors, by enjoining ablutions and decent dress, has improved, wherever the influence of Islam has pentrated, the African's *physique*, and through it, by inevitable sequence, his *moral*. On the other hand, the most ridiculous specimen of mankind known is the educated and Christianised negro. The experience upon which I base this observation is confined to the burlesque native Republic of Liberia, the nigger's terrestrial paradise, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast, and the South African colonies. This is wide enough to give a rule, yet perhaps not so wide as to deny exceptions. I am not at all prepared to say that the

manner of education exists which would civilise the Christian descendant of Ham to the point when he might be trusted to withstand the temptation of returning to his original savagery. Certain incidents of the Kaffir wars of the late 'seventies incline my South African friends, British and Boer alike, to think that the attempt is hopeless. There was the case of Edmund Sandilli, whom I saw in chains working off his "lifer" on the Capetown breakwater. He was a show pupil, a graduate, a magistrate, and so on. He had the honour of lunching with that greatest of our African Pro-Consuls, Sir Bartle Frere, when his Excellency the High Commissioner visited the territory over which Sandilli's father was Paramount Chief. He attended the public ball that evening in the regulation "clawhammer" and white tie of a blameless life, but forty-eight hours afterwards he fled to the bush, and in due time was rounded up wearing the martial costume of a Kaffir blanket and a daub of red clay. The Chief Dukwana's case, again, is hard upon those wiseacres who believe in the possibility of effecting a permanent improvement in the Christianised sable savage. A rich man, a powerful preacher, a champion of Sunday schools—nay, even an essayist on social economics—this Kaffir Admirable Crichton took also to the bush, the blanket, and the artistic finish of coloured mud, ending like the Bachelor of Arts Sandilli. The negro in mass will not improve beyond a certain point, and that not respectable; he mentally remains a child, and is never fit to live out of leading-strings. The extremes of the climate of the Dark Continent and the pitiless fecundity of tropical nature have bound down fetish-worshipping, mock-Christian Quashee to the completely material. His brain is, to judge from its action, weak; a very little learning addles it. For the most part he is a born servant. He obeys a white man more readily than a mulatto, and a mulatto rather more than one of his own colour. I have long ago convinced myself that the so-called civilisation of "our black brother" is from without; he cannot find it within, and he has not the latent mental capacities ascribed to him by negrophile Colonial Office officials and representatives of the great missionary societies. As a "kid" he is a wonder of precocity until he arrives at puberty, when his brain suddenly softens. As a "grown-up" he is the victim of imitation, the surest

sign of deference; he freely accepts foreign customs, manners, and costumes, however incongruous, and, left to himself, allows them to lapse into disuse in a short generation. Despising agriculture, his highest ambition on the West African littoral is to be a petty trader; he describes himself as "I be marchant Sah." At Sierra Leone half the clothes-wearing population peddle to the other half, whilst their thick skulls, broad bones, and cold, porous, leathery skins point them out as born "hewers of wood and drawers of water"—farmers' labourers, in fact.

Can we help concluding that the negro's destiny, whether as agriculturist or trained soldier, is to be held to labour by wiser men than himself?

Turn to the military miracle effected in Nigeria by means of native troops instructed and led by British officers and non-coms. A few years ago nearly the whole of this section of our West African Empire was hostile; at the best, that portion in British occupation no more than sullenly acquiescent to the conditions and feeling quite "good enough" to eject the white infidel at a suitable chance. This mainly because of the secret propaganda carried on by Hamburg traders on the great river and in its basin. Now the country has, despite the subterranean machinations of Teutonic secret agents, been brought under thorough control. Nigeria is pacified. The position has been attained without employing as much as a corporal's guard of white troops as a separate unit. The wonder has been made possible by using Mahommedan blacks, not as auxiliaries and in loosely-formed bodies for merely scouting or outpost purposes, but in properly disciplined and strictly supervised regiments prepared to withstand the shock of an onslaught from hordes of formidable warriors. Not least remarkable has been the breaking up of the large armies of the Western Soudanese Sultanates in the Niger Valley by comparatively tiny numbers of the Hausas of our West African Frontier Force. The secret has been firmness, steadiness in defence, controlled daring in attack, qualities due to schooling and leading by white officers specially selected by such supreme judges of African character as my old friend Sir George Goldie, the founder of British Nigeria and Conqueror of Socatau and Nupé, and the present Governor-General of Nigeria, Sir Frederick

Lugard, who, as a mere Captain on leave from his regiment, saved to England from the Kaiser's clutches the pearl of Central Africa—Uganda, the realm which later on was so successfully administered by the greatest living of our African Pro-Consuls, Sir Harry Hamilton Johnston. In Northern Nigeria, out of its 10,000,000 inhabitants, live to-day more than 700,000 warlike tribesmen, who have spent much of their lives in systematic exercises of arms, and who have periodically been engaged in severe battles between their slave-trading Sultans and Emirs, or combined against the Royal Niger Company's little Hausa Force or its expanded successor, the W.A.F.F.

These "bonny fechters" are now engaged in the pastoral arts of peace. But I would make bold to assert that a couple of hundred thousand could, after six months' training, be usefully employed in dare-devil charges into German trenches. The black soldier, led by officers who know how to rule him, can almost always be trusted to charge home. Even in the Egyptian army of Arabi, which fought against that of Sir Garnet Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir, the black regiments from the Eastern Soudan were undoubtedly the most plucky. One battalion of these quietly awaited the attack of our Highland regiments and charged them at a disadvantage, even for a time driving them back from the rampart. This incident, which was related to me some years ago by the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley, proves that when once the member of an African *fighting* tribe has been raised by discipline into a soldier, he is able to retain his military quality for many years. Now that the recent trouble in Kordofan and Darfour has been effectually squelched, might it not be possible to send the Soudanese battalions of the Egyptian army to our Western front, and replace them by new units recruited from their wild brother tribesmen drawn from the Nile? This would mean the placing at once in the trenches of, say, 7,000 big, lusty, coal-black devils, the time of whose life is the wielding of the bayonet, and whose advent would not be regarded by the Boches as a pleasing omen of more to come of the same sort. For, be it remembered, the Germans show a distinct funk when meeting black troops hand to hand. It is meet that we should work upon this feeling to the utmost. Let, then, black Africa be thrown into the

scale. Between South Africa and West and West-Central Africa (the Western Soudan) half a million men could be raised and thrown on to the Western front for a big assault next summer—an assault that, with that added weight, must by its sheer momentum roll over the German line of resistance. Billions of money are being expended in cannon smoke, millions of cripples are being created, populations have been decimated, cities have been razed, whole countries devastated, yet the net result so far has been a draw; and so this world-quaking condition of mutual destruction will continue until the Allies are capable of hurling back the German intrusion into Northern France. Only when the enemy finds himself being pushed back on the egress of Liége will this titanic struggle arrive within measurable view of its determination. Such a result will not be achieved by economic pressure, by the "waiting for the Turks to find out the Germans," by the incursion of the Roumanians into Hungary, or the marching of the not overwhelmingly strong Greek army through that cage of wild beasts, Bulgaria, or even by a threatened Russian avalanche; it will alone be attained by a decisive military victory over the Hun on our Western front. We have few more of our colour available for such a purpose beyond those necessary to maintain the English army in France at its present strength. And so now the hour has arrived to see about that half a million sons of old Ham thrown into the scale.

Before this will have appeared in print the task of Smuts' force in East Africa will have been accomplished. He has under his command some 20,000 *Dutch and British Afrikanders. From these could be selected quite* 7,000 *officers, the most suitable men on the face of the globe to be entrusted with, to them, the ideally congenial duty of raising a South African Native Contingent.* The balance of the Boer General's force would later on, after the necessary weeding out, be available for the leading of another South African "black draft." For a like service, with the proposed West African levies, the West African Frontier Force would have to be, perhaps, dangerously depleted of officers, but better that risk than leaving in the Dark Continent a mass of black fighting material which could be used to overwhelm, next summer, the enemy on the front that counts—that of the West.

Drill and Health

By F. A. Wright

The elements of military drill, like most things of any importance, are very simple and very difficult. They conform to the best definition of Greek art—"a plain thing perfectly performed"—and after a study of Greek that has lasted my lifetime, and a study of military drill (which had all the charm of the unfamiliar) that has lasted for two years, I feel emboldened for the benefit of drill sergeants and others to pen these few pages.

When I say elements of drill I really mean the elements, the acts of standing and walking which seem so easy, and are so easy to do imperfectly. The virtue of drill is that these simple operations reveal themselves as unexpectedly difficult if they are to be done correctly under expert supervision. I have watched, and with ever-increasing admiration, on many barrack squares during these years the wonderful work of our army instructors, and followed the miraculous process by which the new recruit —underhung, round-shouldered, and splay-footed—is turned into an alert and straight-backed soldier. The men who work this miracle need no advice from anyone in its actual operation, but, as Socrates found out long ago, the craftsman who executes a work of art often seems to act on a kind of inspiration and natural gift rather than on any reasoned system. The system is there, notwithstanding, expressed in the rules of our drill-books and rooted deeply in the sergeant's subliminal consciousness. My purpose is to explain more fully (at the cost of some tedious detail) the *rationale* of two stages in recruit drill; first, when the body is held at rest; secondly, when the body is advancing in motion, and furthermore to point out some lessons which we may even now learn from Greek practice.

The first operation in drill, preliminary to all further evolutions, is the "stand at ease"; and to stand "properly"

at ease, as young soldiers soon find, hardly comes to Englishmen by nature.

Incredible as it may seem to us, a Greek child in its infancy was *taught* how to stand properly and how to walk; for the Greeks knew that neither action is, in the strict sense of the word, "natural" to creatures who have painfully evolved from a lower form, and they did their best to improve on nature. If a man stand erect, firmly planted on both feet at the same time, exerting as little muscular effort as possible, the hip joint is always a little over-extended; the body would fall backward were it not for the ilio-femoral ligament which suspends the body to the hip joint. On the length and strength of this ligament depends both the position of the pelvis in relation to the thigh and also eventually the graceful carriage of the whole body. A lack of strength in this ligament and in the muscles of the abdomen means that the pelvis is too much inclined, the abdomen projects forward, and in the back there is a deep hollow: results unsightly and unhealthy enough, but unfortunately with us far too common, for we do not take means, as did the Greeks by a scientific system of gymnastics, to strengthen all these body muscles in early youth. Jumping with dumb-bells (performed in squads to music), throwing the diskos, and casting the javelin were exercises expressly designed for this purpose, and combined with daily practice in the wrestling school they gave the ancient Greek a different and a superior body to ours.

This is not a mere empty assertion, for it can be proved by ocular evidence. The greatest change is the alteration that has taken place in the stomach muscles and in the contour of the front of the body. An inspection of any ancient statue or vase painting will show at once that in hips, stomach muscles, and shape of abdomen a Greek was altogether different from a modern. The Greek hip was much finer than ours and more behind the body than under it: with us the constant pressure and dead weight of the upper part of the body leads to an exaggerated development of the hip muscles: to use Mrs. Watts's metaphor, it is like an egg resting in an egg cup. So the iliac line, that runs downwards from the hips towards the top of the legs, with us is unbroken: among the ancients, as we see by all their representations of the human body, it commenced with a

horizontal line beneath a projecting roll of fleshy muscle, the iliac ridge; ran for a short distance inwards, and then bent downwards at an obtuse or sometimes almost a right angle. In an artistic sense there can be no doubt as to the excellent effect which the ancient line produces. It gives proportion and an air of solidity, and helps to diminish the superficial area of the abdomen, which in our body is disproportionately large: for purposes of general health and athletic activity the difference between the ancient and modern contour is equally significant. Whether as all-round athletes we are equal to the ancients is a question that has often been debated, and it is probable that in running and jumping our greater length of leg would give us an advantage. But in all the "field events," where the lower body muscles come into play and perfect unison of mind and body is required, we should be hopelessly inferior. The statues of Greek athletes often represent positions which for us with our weak abdomens are almost impossible of attainment. One of the most perfect of all, Myron's Diskobolos—the young athlete throwing the diskos—seemed to Herbert Spencer "an impossible contortion"; and after a close examination of its poise he declared that at the next moment—if the action were continued—it would fall upon its nose. It is quite possible that such a regrettable accident would have been the result if our revered philosopher had attempted to perform the movement, but the muscles of the Greek body, properly trained and hardened, found in it no insuperable difficulty.

The movement that Myron represents is the swing back of the diskos. The athlete has already taken his stance, and with left foot forward has extended the diskos horizontally to the front in his right hand. Then comes the decisive action: the whole weight of the body is transferred to the right foot, whose toes grip the ground at full tension; the left foot trails back, offering no resistance either to the pause or the coming momentum; the body swings round upon the fixed pivot of the right foot. The diskos held in the right hand comes downwards and backwards; head and body turn with it; the next moment the body will swing round again with a forward lift and the diskos will fly from the extended hand. Whether the force of the throw relies entirely upon the lift of the thighs and the swing

of the body, or upon the arm alone swinging rapidly in a free shoulder socket, will depend upon the weight of the diskos used.

If such statues as the Diskobolos and the Doryphorus of Polycleitus show us plainly the superiority of the Greek's body muscles, others, the Victory of Samothrace, for example, or the statue of Fortune now at Naples, will reveal the fact that the Greek foot also was in some important respects different from ours, and gave them a more lively and a more quickly responsive step. With them the first three toes were longer than ours, and like fingers got a real hold on the ground; the bottom of the foot was broader, and the pad immediately below the little toe formed a sort of wing on which all movement centred. Their flat sandals gave them a natural support, and from childhood they were trained in the principles of body balance.

In order even to stand "properly" the feet should be a proper shape, the body muscles should be well developed and under control, and the stander should know exactly where the centre of his body's gravity is. Our drill-book advises that the weight of the body be balanced on both feet and evenly distributed between the fore part of the feet and the heels. With our present type of army boot this represents probably the best position possible, but it should be remembered that is not the best that can be devised. The perfect position for standing is this: the heels should just touch the ground, but there must be no weight on them; the feet should be close together so that the heels and the whole of the inside line of the feet are touching; the whole weight of the body should be got well forward up *over the ball of the foot*. When the body is stationary it is comparatively easy to keep the centre of gravity; with the next order, "Quick march," a new series of difficulties begins. Correct walking requires that the centre of gravity of a moving weight should be kept constant over its base, and to do this the muscles must be in a state of elastic tension. If the diaphragm is not doing its work, the act of passing the weight of the body from one foot to another results in an effort to feel forward for a new base, and movement proceeds in jerks. The way to avoid this jerky movement is to carry the whole weight forward at the same time as the advancing foot, and this can only be done if mind and

muscle work together. The essential difference between the soldier's march (if it be properly performed) and the civilian's walk degenerating into a slouch, is that the first calls for a definite mental effort; the second is mere mechanical habit. As soon as men march mechanically they cease to march, and that is the value of a regimental band: it stimulates the connection between mind and muscle that centres round our diaphragm.

The diaphragm is the vital part of our body; to quote again from Mrs. Watts, whose pioneer work in gymnastic training deserves the warmest recognition.*

"Here lies hidden the dynamo of the magic current of tension which can be turned on at will and sent racing through the muscles prepared to receive it, so that motion becomes will power made visible."

Unfortunately, very few men know where their diaphragm is, or what purpose it serves. They think they know the position of their heart and their liver (although painful experience on the drill ground shows that they are generally wrong), but as regards their diaphragm, their ignorance is even as the night. As they plaintively remark, "How should they know? They have never been taught." And that is really the mischief. As children they were laboriously instructed in the anatomy of the world: they knew what a promontory and a peninsula were, and could tell you the names of the principal rivers from China to Peru. But as for the anatomy of their body they were left in almost complete darkness. Ignorance usually brings with it contempt, and the natural instinct of the Englishman is to cover up all his body as something of which he is ashamed, and only to refer to his limbs in deprecatory language. The result of this ethereal habit of neglecting and slighting the body is not that we are getting nearer to the angels, but that we are getting nearer to the ape.

Men's bodies are less perfect now than they were two thousand years ago, and this is largely due to ignorance. Many people cannot even spell the word diaphragm correctly; the ancient Greeks were so convinced of the influence of the diaphragm on mental and physical conditions that in their language the same word "phrenes" stood for diaphragm and mind. It is a fact that if the diaphragm

* *The Renaissance of the Greek Ideal.* Diana Watts. Heinemann. 1914.

muscles are flabby and loose (as with undrilled men they almost invariably are), the whole mental system becomes infected with the resultant slackness. An alert mind is only secured by an alert body, and the call, "Attention," is, in fact, a stimulus to the abdomen muscles, which spring up vigorously and raise the weight of the body from the centre. A heightening of vitality and a sense of spiritual power follow as surely as it did on the ancient hymn—"Sursum corda"—"We lift up our hearts unto the Lord." And this increased vitality is within the reach of all, and has come to many this year. It is generally acknowledged that in normal days London is not so cheerful a place as Athens was twenty-five centuries ago, and many reasons for the change are given—climate, national character, religion, the cares of business, etc. But the must important cause is that the Greeks realised the close connection there is between body and spirit, and in order to enjoy good spirits they took care to have good bodies. By massage, by free exposure to the air, and by the constant use of oil they kept the outer surface of their body healthy, and instead of being at the mercy of heat and cold they made their skin (as nature meant it to be) a protection against changes of temperature. Their gymnastic exercises, arranged to strengthen all the muscles of the body alike, gave them health without medicine, and finally—*every man was a soldier*. To-day we are inferior to the ancient Greeks; but it is a curious and inspiriting fact that the human body almost immediately responds to any opportunity that is given it, and that with each child the race begins anew. Inferior though our body development now is, it only requires knowledge and a little time and trouble to bring us back to the Greek level. A system of national gymnastics would ensure for the future that improvement in the national physique and the national health which is already so noticeable. The reason why somewhere about five million Englishmen to-day feel better than they have ever done before, more vigorous, more self-reliant, more full of the joy of life, is a simple one. Good food, fresh air, sensible clothing have not been without effect, but the main cause is—DRILL. Men have got rid of low spirits by getting rid of low diaphragms.

Germany at Bay

By Austin Harrison

THE appearance of Hindenburg as Generalissimo of the German armies unquestionably points to the turn of the tide. Hitherto the Germans have looked on the map of Europe, reasoning according to the academic rules of war as fought in the past when defeats of the soldiers automatically brought about the discomfiture of the civilians, which condition led to peace. Their curious lack of psychological insight has once more led them astray. They overlooked the totally new conditions of war waged by peoples and their genius, they forgot that national armies imply national resistance. They little thought that democratic warfare had not only eliminated strategy, but made it as much, if not more, the concern of the non-fighting part of the population as of the military.

True, they never counted on Britain's intervention, or at most they reckoned they would have to counter our small professional army, designated by the Emperor as "contemptible"; for German diplomacy held that we were cornered, first, by our own unpreparedness, secondly, by the German infiltration which was supposed to have us by the throat. Yet the German failure in 1914 was really caused by their own lack of imagination. It was the lack of munitions, guns, the very wherewithal of the violence which was to be the instrument of their philosophy, or the means necessary to the design. Though force had been the German gospel for thirty years, and on force they had relied for the great reconstitution of the map of Europe, when the "Day" came they found they had totally miscalculated the quantity and quality of the violence needful for success, as much as diplomatically they had misjudged the temper of Europe; and this though all their military writers had pointed out the inevitability of a long war in

mass conditions, and the likelihood of that very positional warfare which has been our salvation, and to-day spells their doom.

Their success depended upon swiftness—time was thus from the outset their chief enemy. The stationary front, which has been the discovery of the war, is a poor General pitted against time unless the potentialities of both belligerents are equal, which is not the case, owing to our supremacy on the seas. For the German strength is limited in growth, whereas that of the Allies is relatively unlimited, especially as regards material. If the Germans counted, after the initial failure, on stagnation, we know by all the laws of life that there is no such thing. Time, which denotes growth, is against them. At the Marne the German General Staff lost the war, because they failed in their opportunity.

This is the significance of Hindenburg's appointment. This is Germany's problem. It means that the Germans recognise the condition of *Kriegsgefahr* or national danger which their writers have so often descanted upon, and on paper settled to their own satisfaction. It proclaims to the world that Germany is no longer thinking of the offensive or conquest, but of defence; whether to try to hold what on the map she has acquired or to hold what she can. In a word, Germany is at bay.

On the whole, the German Press has accepted the blow resignedly, chiefly owing to the national idolatry of "Papa" Hindenburg, who, both physically and militarily, fills the traditional canvas of a Bismarck. The General Staff has fallen not only from its estate, but in its composition. There can be little doubt but that Falkenhayn fell as the result of Roumania's intervention and of the failure of Verdun, perhaps the noblest defence in military history. The problem before Hindenburg is thus one of defence.

He stands at the head of the Teutonic armies as their last chance. He may decide on *va banque*. The Germans apparently still think he will be their saviour. We see in the new German manner of speaking of their "elastic

defensive," their "man economic defence," their "continuation tactics," that they fully recognise the mobility of positional war in the interests of the strategic whole, and that they have not yet accepted the need of "cutting their losses" as a defensive remedy. It is clear that the Germans are no longer under illusions. They know that against the rising volume of the Allied strength—in guns, men, munitions, and concentrated shock—Germany is in the inferiority: in a growing inferiority. The chief difficulty facing Hindenburg is to decide where to begin retrenchment.

Looking at the war objectively, we have seen this: that, so far, decisions, as they are called, have only been obtained on national lines, *i.e.*, obliteration. The old military results no longer count as such. The decision of Princely warfare is no more a decision. Tannenburg, the great Russian retreat—these results have not been final. The only definite results have been obtained by wholesale destruction, thus Belgium, thus Serbia; Gallipoli remains an incident, and Mesopotamia remains an incident, neither more nor less than the fall of Brest Litovsk or the capture of Gorizia; and even what we may call the results are temporary, conditional to the final result. We thus see that war has become truly national in its incidence. Battles, defeats, retirements—these are now the incidents of war instead of its decisions. *Kriegspiel* is an anachronism. When whole nations fight, the results, too, must be whole, or they will be only partial results. Instead of being defeated last summer, as by right of book she was, Russia withdrew *pour mieux sauter*. In their hour of trial the French have given to the world a sublime example of national fortitude, national re-birth, national unconquerableness. And this widening of the significance of war leads to the conclusion therefore that final results can only be obtained by national destruction, given the will to fight—which we must assume.

If we thus see the futility of war in the old sense, it also shows the immensity of the task before us if success is to be obtained. If the only realisable results of war

are national, then obviously that is what we have to look to. It implies our breaking into Germany, our seizure of her strongholds, our absolute physical predominance on German soil. Strategical retirements cannot be regarded as decisive, however satisfactory. The loss of this town, the capture of so many miles, indentations in the line no longer possess strategic importance. Indeed, strategy has lost its meaning, as men fight to-day. Military operations have become siege tactics, or broad sweeps from end to end of the fighting line. It would seem a question of line, of lines behind lines, and so of complete victory or exhaustion.

Such to the layman would appear the broad feature of the modern law of war. A nation which has the will to fight can only be defeated by subjection—by occupation, as we found in the case of the Boers. It is the negation of the negation, we may say; yet none the less the solution of the present conflagration. In a trench all men can and will fight. The multiplicity of lines has reduced war thus to a question of overpowering physical superiority, to the original idea of war—destruction. Exhaustion is therefore the winning strategy; the rest may be said to be the means to the end.

That the Germans realise the gravity of their position we know from their Press. None the less, they have not yet shortened their lines; not till they do so, either voluntarily or involuntarily, are we justified in speaking of certainties. Nor must we forget that the shortening of the German line, though in itself an admission of weakness, tends to strengthen rather than weaken their defence, and that nothing short of smashing up the physical resistance of the enemy can be expected to give us that fullness of victory which alone can provide any likelihood of a less militarist Europe that we stand pledged to secure. As this is not a war of strategy, not a war of professional armies, so neither is it a war of terms. It is the supreme trial by force of groups of nations, the one side minded to superimpose its civilisation upon the other, which thus perforce fights for liberation. It is the movement of peoples, the climax of the old order of things, of feudal-

ism. The end must needs be cataclysmic for one or the other side.

Hindenburg's problem is one of defence, not of offence. The question he has to decide is no longer how and where to obtain victories, which to-day must be Pyrrhic, even if he does obtain them in secondary theatres of the war, as in the Balkans, but whether and how long German arms can try to save what they have won, or to think of saving Germany. The question for us is to view fearlessly the problem which faces us and to leave no stone unturned to solve it. Wise men will discount all latent forces. Reliance on the starvation theory, the revolution theory, the financial breakdown theory, on any theory, in fact, not based on violence and the means to inflict it in overwhelming proportions, can only protract the issue. That the allies of the Germans will fight I have no doubt. That the Germans "in danger" will crack or get cold feet I do not anticipate for a moment. Rather the contrary. The most superficial knowledge of German history, of German psychology, of German national education, should teach us that war carried on in German territory is no novelty to them, and that it is an eventuality they will face. All the probabilities are that the Germans at bay will put up a desperate resistance, and will go down fighting. Yet whether this opinion prove right or wrong, to assume the contrary, to hearken even to those who preach a commercial optimism, is a weakness which will not help us, and may assist the foe considerably.

What the French have discovered is that the strongest trench lines can be carried, given the guns, the men, and the necessary tactics; that therefore no line is impregnable, and consequently there can be no stagnation. This is the supreme lesson of the Somme. On this law there is obviously no reason why a continuous battle should not be fought, indenting the lines to such an extent here that a strategic retirement is compelled there, and so on until the whole retreating movement assumes a true strategic character, which it does the moment the indented part influences the whole. And from now onwards all German retreats must be regarded as strategic. The enemy went to war on the gospel of violence; in turn he has summoned

up superior violence. That is the condition to-day. He will have to pay the penalty of the challenge. Time, the great adjuster, works henceforth for us. When the Germans quit the soil of France, they know they cannot return. In the process of attrition, which is the strategy of war, Hindenburg can look to no relief. The greater the pressure without, the severer the pressure within. The Pan-German map of occupation has outgrown its potential defence. In the deliration of their Emperor's vanity it may become the hecatomb of all the Germans; it cannot now become the spoil of exultant Pan-Germany.

Theoretically, then, we may say that Germany is beaten—yet still only theoretically, nor should we forget that in Germany men speak of the Allied position in precisely similar language. The process of attrition is slow, progress is slow—infinitesimal, judged by the map of the strategic whole—and though we may be justified in calculating according to mathematical laws, in war the only safe way is to provide against the incalculable, to take nothing for granted. I write, of course, as a civilian; but if it be true that the condition of success is annihilation, then that is the point—the power-point—to which we have to work; now we are still a long way from that maximum.

The Germans have plenty of men left. For the defence of country they may be expected to utilise all men regardless of age; but the truth is—and the sooner we face it the better—the idea of war waged in Germany has as yet hardly dawned on the Germans: who are thinking to-day how to hold what they have got rather than in the terms of despair we arbitrarily ascribe to them. The Germans are pretty game yet, as we shall probably see this autumn in the Balkans, which seems destined to become the centre of military interest. The Constantinople line is the prize of Pan-Germanism; the ethnic landslide downwards towards the seas; indeed, so much is this the case, that the "West Mark," or Belgium, as Germans long ago styled her, is of secondary interest to Berlin compared with Germanic hegemony in the Balkans on the road to Bagdad and the East.

Our politicians refused to believe that, the inherent truth of the war, until quite recently, hence the delay over Salonika, whence we should have struck upwards in great force at the beginning of July. Salonika and Roumania will engage the attention of Europe this autumn, for it is well known that Hindenburg has always regarded the East as the side of danger. Moreover, the notion that Germany will allow Bulgaria to be struck down, and so lose the goal of the war, is a pleasantry which may yet prove expensive. The interest there will be the greater in that it will be open warfare. As the war began in the Balkans, so it may yet virtually be concluded there. Without any doubt, great battles will be fought in those parts, the issues of which will be of tremendous importance. In my opinion the Balkan campaign which has now started will be the test of the German power of defence. Failure on her part will denote her confession of distress, and in that case the war may come to a speedy and unexpected end.

We shall see, as our Ministers say. In any case, to count on a German *débâcle* would be unwise. For as in the case of failure there all German hopes would be irrevocably shattered and the end brought sensibly within sight, so inversely German success there would constitute a great moral and military blow to our arms, the result of which could not fail to exercise a bad effect on the neutral countries. The Balkans are, and will remain, the German "milling" ground. There they must extend themselves to the utmost and fight to the last Pomeranian, or admit defeat. The manna of Turkey, the cry of the Euphrates, the key of Jerusalem for which the Emperor offered up his soul to Mahommedanism, the Balkan "express" which is to carry the "manure" (to use the German term) of Deutschtum to the granaries of Armenia and Mesopotamia—all these plums of Pan-German policy—the policy which caused the war, on which the German sociocracy and the Kaiser idea stands or falls—these fruits the Germans are bound to fight for to their last divisions, if any semblance of their dreams is to be preserved, any reality of their "world-politics" to be left to them, any sense or spirit of militarist Hohenzollernism to be marched back "under the Linden."

Let us dispel all illusions as to the significance of the Balkan campaign to Germany. The Danube means more to Berlin than even the "Father Rhine." All German aims and aspirations gravitate and irradiate along and from the Eastern river, for the Danube is the artery of Austria, and without the House of Austria there can be no Pan-Germany. If Hindenburg fails there this autumn and winter, he has failed everywhere. Every German knows that. Falkenhayn fell because he failed to judge correctly the attitude of Roumania. Now that Roumania has come in there will be no more Verduns in the West. Baulked finally on that front, the Germans will go all out to save their "express," which is the one "winged" emblem of victory left to them. People who think otherwise are utterly ignorant of German policy.

Time is in our favour, yet time, too, must be taken by the forelock. In a struggle which may shortly for Germany assume the character of bankruptcy, time may become a negative agent even for us; and should Germany decide to fight on to the last gasp and be able to fight on in avowed conditions of bankruptcy, it is conceivable that in a war dragging on for years we may all be involved in the crash. There is also the question of food, which the Government shirks handling. There is the grave question of men, with over 1,600,000 badged men of military age and the vast army of men sheltered in Government Departments and the like, the exemptions granted by the Tribunals and the Barrister Commissions—a question which must shortly be solved. If the age is raised to forty-five, we may witness the paradox of the middle-aged fathers of families throwing their families on the streets to join the Army, while a couple of millions of men, half of them single, all of them physically far more fitted for service than their elders, stay at home and earn the profits. We shall have to make up our minds about this matter. "Wait and see" cannot be tolerated, for that more men will be wanted by next summer may be regarded as a certainty.

Some time ago the word went round in Paris: "We have too many allies." There is deep truth in the phrase. We count too much on alien help. It is an over-comfortable

doctrine in war. We British are the winning factor absolutely, for we are the agents of that time which is the Allies' unconquerable asset. But just as there is no permanency, so also there is a limit to time as benefactor. Time is only the adjunct of force. If the force raised is inadequate, time will not help us. There is only one way to face the conditions that exist, and that is to organise for the victory which will attend such sacrifice.

The end is within our grasp. Whether it comes (as it may) suddenly, unexpectedly, or as the result of still unthought-of months of battle and endeavour, our duty is to assume nothing and prepare for everything. There is no military justification for "taking it easy." Men who think we can now "rest on our oars" and let time do the rest, are advocating a dangerous doctrine. Successful as the summer battles have been for us East and West, in no case have decisions yet been reached; the German strategic fronts remain a whole, and it is the whole we have to look at, not ground, not even the gratifying mobility of the tactical retreats, however sure a prognosis they may afford of the object in view. That object has yet to be achieved. Its realisation will demand all our strength and resourcefulness. As for the duration of the war, that joy of prophecy may be left to our amateurs and coxcombs.

A Plea for Freedom

By Raymond Radclyffe

I ASK the Government to free trade from its present restrictions. I want the Stock Exchange to be allowed to do its business exactly as it was done before the war was declared. I want dealers in copper, wheat, and cotton to be as free as an outside broker is to-day. I want merchants and shippers to be allowed to export to all neutral countries without being compelled to go to the Board of Trade for permission. I want buyers allowed to import whatever they choose. In short, I want the bureaucrat abolished.

All this sounds revolutionary. Yet little more than two years ago freedom was our normal condition. That we should think my proposals revolutionary shows how completely war changes the mental outlook of mankind. We have delivered ourselves, bound hand and foot, to the bureaucrat. Now this gentleman may be honest, though the recent disclosures in connection with the clothing factory give us cause to doubt this. But he is certainly not a business man. He has no foresight, without which no business can be conducted. He found himself face to face with the greatest war the world has ever seen, and he thought that the only way to win the war was completely to change all our methods. We agreed, because we had no experience of war; we were not a warlike nation, and we saw that Germany, which was a warlike nation, was complacently handing herself over to the permanent official. We therefore considered that the best thing we could do was to follow her example. I believe we made a mistake. We did not realise sufficiently the immense reserves of energy that existed in the nation. We did not realise how rich we were. We have created an army of—so say the politicians—five million men. We have built a Fleet which is infinitely stronger and more efficient than all the other fleets of the world combined. Yet, whilst we have been doing

THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION

ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, AND NASAL CATARRH

The Dr. Edwin W. Alabone Treatment

It is only just and fair to the public that the discoverer who introduces any supposed cure for consumption should give irrefutable proof as to the value of such discovery, the best and only real proof being to bring forward patients who have been in all stages of the disease, and who have not merely had "disease arrested," but have been actually cured and remain so.

A great responsibility rests on those papers, both medical and lay, which are continuously giving out to the public that a cure for consumption has been discovered, without having any actual facts to substantiate their statements. A few years ago the Press was warm in the advocacy of injections; then came the "open-air treatment" specialists, who told us so many were the cures effected that in a few years consumption would be stamped out. Thousands of pounds have been spent on sanatoria, which the results, as far as cures are concerned, do not justify. Reports from medical officers of health, physicians, nurses, and patients all confirm this.

It may naturally be asked, What good can it do to the sufferers from consumption to be told of these ineffectual methods of dealing with the disease? Well, it may do good in two ways—first, by preventing the patient from throwing away money and wasting valuable time in following out a course which must inevitably end in failure; and, secondly, in pointing them to a well-known treatment which has undeniably proved successful after being put to the severest tests; this is the "Alabone treatment" of consumption, which undoubtedly offers the best possible chance of cure for this terrible malady.

As before stated, it is a very responsible position to advocate a system of cure for any disease unless the evidences as to its success are irrefutable. Fortunately, in the case of the "Alabone treatment," such evidences are forthcoming, and the Secretary will gladly furnish any reader with full particulars if they communicate with him at Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

It may be as well to briefly analyse this evidence. First, one may take the experience of those who had been given up to die in consumption by our best-known specialists. Their number is "legion," and they include all classes of society. Peers, Bishops, eminent members of the Bar, and others have given their written and verbal statements that they have not only been cured themselves, but have seen many cases similar to their own equally successfully treated.

Secondly, as regards nurses, matrons, and those in charge of the patients at our sanatoria, what is their verdict? Equally as emphatic, with the addition that without exception they declare the "open-air cure" to be a failure!

The important treatise on tuberculosis, entitled "The Cure of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, and other Diseases of the Chest," by Edwin W. Alabone, M.D., Phil., D.Sc., ex-M.R.C.S.Eng., is worth a careful perusal, and can be obtained for 2*s.* 6*d.*, post free, from Lynton House, 12 Highbury Quadrant, London, N.

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Extracts from our Weekly Letters.

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STOCK AND SHARE DEALING DEPT.

The London & Provincial Industrial Securities, Limited,
4, Broad Street Place,
London, E.C.

Sept. 22, 1916.

In the Industrial Market Rubber shares once again attracted most attention. Experts estimate the output of Plantation Rubber for the current year at 140,000 tons, against 104,000 tons in 1915, but consumption is keeping pace with this increased production, so that on August 31st the London stocks cover only 8,145 tons against 6,618 tons on 31st October last.

Few Rubber Companies promise better results than Johore Rubber Lands. With a Capital of only £400,000, the Company's cash and investment holdings represent to-day £150,000. The result of the first eight months of the current year make it practically certain that this year's output will reach 850,000 lb., of which over 219,000 lb. have been sold at 3/1¼. Reckoning, however, on a profit of only 1/6 per lb., this year's profit should exceed £63,000, or adding the income from investments, £69,000, equal to over 17% on the Capital. Next year's production is estimated at 1,405,000 lb., which at 1/6 per lb. should result in a profit of £105,000, or adding miscellaneous income, £113,000, equal to over 28% on the Capital. In 1918 the whole of the 5,900 acres of the Company should be in bearing, producing, at only 300 lbs. per acre, 1,770,000 lb., which at 1/6 per lb. would leave a profit of £132,000, or adding miscellaneous income, £140,000, equal to 35% on the Capital.

Prominent among other Rubber shares is the Segamat (Johore) Company. It paid a maiden dividend of 10% for the year ended 31st October last, and for the current year the Company should, after allowing for Debenture interest, show a profit of 35% on its capital, and for 1917, 43%. The shares are about 41/–.

Another interesting share is the Way-Halim (Sumatra) Company, one of the Lyall Anderson group, under the same auspices as Johore Rubber Lands. Moderately capitalised, planted with carefully selected variety of rubber trees well suited to the climate, it has the additional advantage of some hundred acres devoted to coffee. The shares are now around 1/10 and are expected to go considerably higher. The profit for the year ended March, 1916, should be more than equal to 8% on the Capital. For the current financial year ending 31st March, 1917, the profit should be equal to 12% on the Capital, while for the following year the profits should be 20%.

The full weekly letter will be sent on application, free of charge.

this we have almost rebuilt our export trade. Not quite, it is true. But we are well on the way. This performance is remarkable. It is due, in the main, to speeding up. Our Trades Unions have been forced under the pressure of war to allow the dilution of labour. Women are now taking the place of men in many industries, and they are proving extremely efficient. In many factories they are doing the work of men. They are even making big shells. Our output of goods is increasing month by month. Our efficiency is also increasing, and I believe that under the stimulus of freedom it would enable us to largely increase our export trade.

The matter is one of great importance, because unless we can follow the American and the Japanese into the markets of South America and China, we shall end the war with the loss of these important customers. I believe that we can hold these markets if we are given freedom to import and export. The bureaucrat will cry that he must first be allowed to feed and munition the Navy and the Army. Of course he must. There is nothing simpler. Every order that is given out by the Ministry of Munitions, by the Admiralty, or the War Office must take precedence of orders given by importers and exporters. The buyers in these departments will see that heavy penalties are exacted for delay in delivery. They will continue their inspectors and their supervision. But they must release their hold on controlled factories. The country will save money by this. The Ministry of Munitions is run in the most extravagant manner. The War Office is equally improvident. The Admiralty is a little better, but it has been allowed too much rope, and is now growing arrogant. There is no reason why these Government Departments should not be managed on the same sound business lines as the Post Office. The waste in Government offices, both of energy and material, is enormous. It must be cut down. The saving thus effected would allow us to add at least another 10 per cent. to our export trade.

We are spending, or, rather, we are making credits, at the rate of six millions a day. Consequently, the whole of manufacturing Britain is growing rich at an unheard-of rate. Our limited companies have now ample funds in hand with which to develop their export trade. There is

no shortage of capital anywhere. For example, Manchester Liners, which a few years ago could pay no dividend, has now half its assets in cash and Treasury Bills. Dozens of other companies are in an equally satisfactory condition. They should be given a free hand to use this capital in order to extend our foreign trade. We want no trading with the enemy, and I do not believe that there is an Englishman living who would willingly supply the Germans with anything. We can still retain that portion of the Defence of the Realm Act. But let us use our new made credit to make more money, and to make it out of the foreigner. We have mobilised the hidden wealth of England. But we are not using it to the best purpose. A bureaucrat cannot understand business. He has had no business training, and his only idea is to make silly regulations which cause infinite trouble and stop trade.

The Stock Exchange should be allowed to carry on business exactly as it did before the war. The banks can be relied upon to prevent speculation, because there can be no speculation without loans and no loans without banks. To-day a Stock Exchange broker has to fill up half-a-dozen different forms before he can carry through a bargain. The thing is preposterous. No dealer is allowed to sell short. Consequently, a free market is impossible, and an opening is given to the unscrupulous share-pusher, who circularises the country and marks up the share he pushes simultaneously. This is a game that has always been played, but the dealers in the market in pre-war days acted as a safety valve. They invariably banged the rigged share, with the result that the public were protected. Now the dealers have no choice. They are not allowed to bang.

I would remove all restrictions upon the promotion of limited companies. I would even allow foreign loans. The more money we lend abroad, the stronger is our position. We need not be afraid of the exchange question, because, if we increase our export trade, increase our shipping, we shall soon find the exchanges in our favour. Unless we throw the whole of our energies into production, we are simply building up a debt which will throttle us when peace is declared. We have shown during the two years of war that we had underrated our energy. We can only pay for the war by goods and services, and if the

Government prevent us from making goods and curtail our services by innumerable restrictions, they are actually stopping us from paying for the war and not helping us.

Great Britain is crowded with shrewd business men. These men, if left to themselves, will soon be able to double our production. Then the whole war problem is solved, and we shall end with a larger export trade than when we began. It is quite clear that the Britisher will not economise. Economy has been preached to him for two years. He is still deaf. It is not in his nature to save. But he has shown himself a magnificent worker, and the Government should encourage this capacity to the utmost extent. Instead of this, it is tying the hands of every business man with red tape; it is preventing our merchants from shipping goods, and our ships from carrying them. No doubt it is doing this with the best intention in the world. But the result only produces irritation and friction, both of which are extremely bad for business.

The Hughes Memorial

THE signatories to the Memorial urging the recall of Mr. Hughes to this country, that he "may accept a seat in the Inner War Council of the Empire," are growing. We herewith publish a full list of the names up to the date of going to press. They already exceed a hundred; they represent men of all shades and standings—soldiers, sailors, artists, Press, M.P.'s, thinkers, editors, doctors, business men, and the Church.

SIGNATURES—

LORD DESBOROUGH.
LEO MAXSE (*Editor*).
ALFRED BIGLAND, M.P.
LORD EBURY.
BEN TILLETT.
BARON DUNLEATH.
GEORGE MOORE.
MAJOR REDWAY.
WILLIAM BOOSEY.
MARQUIS OF AILSA.
DOUGLAS AINSLIE.
HARRINGTON MANN.
SIR CLAUDE PHILLIPS.
J. P. NICHOL.
ROWLAND HUNT, M.P.
PEMBERTON-BILLING, M.P.
L. GRAHAM H. HORTON-SMITH (*Joint Founder of the Imperial Maritime League*).
ARNOLD WHITE.
DOUGLAS SLADEN.
LORD HEADLEY.
PROFESSOR HENRY ARMSTRONG.
COL. EARL OF DENBIGH.
H. A. GWYNNE (*Editor*).
LORD FABER.
ROBERT BLATCHFORD (*Editor*).
H. C. CHANCELLOR.
LORD LEITH OF FYVIE.
PROFESSOR E. B. POULTON.
D. L. CHAPMAN.
PROFESSOR W. H. PERKIN.
R. W. SETON-WATSON.
WICKHAM STEED.
R. D. BLUMENFELD (*Editor*).
VISCOUNT TEMPLETOWN.
W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P.
ELLIS T. POWELL (*Editor*).
ADMIRAL FREMANTLE.
LORD GRIMTHORPE.
HON. W. F. COVENTRY.
SIR RICHARD COOPER, M.P.
LORD CECIL MANNERS.
J. ANNAN BRYCE, M.P.
COMMANDER CARLYON BELLAIRS, M.P.
MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ALFRED TURNER.
LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX.
GEORGE BROWN (*Editor*).
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F. D. DENHAM SMITH.
EARL OF WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.
LORD CLARENDON.
SIR HARRY REICHEL.
WALTER LEFROY (*Editor of "Canada"*).
E. J. DILLON.
SIR WALTER LLEWELLYN LEWIS.
SIR JOHN EDWARDS-MOSS.
MAJOR-GENERAL BLAND STRANGE.
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COL. W. B. WILSON.
VISCOUNT HALIFAX.
ERNEST M. RANDALL.
FREDERIC HARRISON.
SIR JOHN THORNYCROFT.
CHALMERS ROBERTS (*Editor*).
SIR ERNEST A. WATERLOW.
LORD LATYMER.
ADMIRAL SIR ALGERNON DE HORSEY.
CHARLES WHIBLEY.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER.
SIR RONALD ROSS.
LIEUT.-COL. SIR G. A. E. HUSSEY.
RT. HON. SIR FREDERICK MILNER.
C. A COURT REPINGTON (*Military Correspondent of "The Times"*).
LIEUT.-COL. LONGSTAFF.
LORD WESTBURY.
SIR FORREST FULTON.
AUGUSTUS JOHN.
SIR ARTHUR PINERO.
LORD WENLOCK.
LIEUT.-COL. H. BURTON.
FRANK SOUTER.
LORD DE RAMSEY.
HENRY VAUGHAN ANTONY.
ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE NEVILLE.
SIR SPENCER MARYON WILSON.
SIR G. W. KEKEWICH.
SYDNEY G. LEECH.
SIR HUGH MACK.
REV. A. PONTIFEX.
LIEUT.-COL. H. A. WARDE.
J. H. WELSFORD.
SIR THOMAS BROOKE-HITCHING.
DR. ALBERT WILSON.
ADMIRAL HARRY REYNOLDS.
E. BOYD PAGET.
COLONEL S. H. BANKS.
SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM.
HERBERT SCHMALS.
H. ELLIS HALL.
LIEUT.-COL. PRITTIE PERRY.
F. T. CLARKE.
WILSON NOBLE.
LIEUT.-COL. H. LUMLEY WEBB.
REV. CANON W. H. SCOTT.
VICTOR FISHER (*Editor*).
GEO. R. SIMS.
MAJ.-GEN. ALEXANDER BRUCE TULLOCH.
WILLIAM DONALD (*President of the National Farmers' Union of Scotland*).
REV. HUGH ROBERT COLLUM.
COL. F. CHARRINGTON.
R. CHETHAM-STRODE, M.D.
SIR JOHN FURLEY, C.B.

Books

ESSAYS AND GENERAL LITERATURE

WILD ANIMAL WAYS. By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON. Hodder and Stoughton. 6*s*. net.

Mr. Seton's book may not please everybody; one may object to the glamour of fiction, or romance, with which he clothes his studies. But, that overlooked, the reader will find here one of the most delightful "natural history" books that it is possible to conceive. Mr. Seton has not only observed, but is endowed with uncommon ability to portray that which he has seen. The present volume is illustrated with some full-page plates and thumbnail sketches by the author. These also are excellent. We cannot imagine a more useful gift book than this.

MY TABLE-CLOTHS. By MRS. ALEC TWEEDIE. Hutchinson and Co. 16*s*.

A strange title, truly. Table-talks might have been more appropriate, and yet the book is woven round the linen of a table-cloth. Once a guest at this hospitable home wrote his signature in pencil on the cloth. Mrs. Alec Tweedie, then a young bride, conceived the idea of working the celebrity's autograph in red cotton for preservation. Tiny seeds grow big fruit. Over 400 names of some of the most prominent men and women of the last quarter of a century now decorate these cloths. They are interlaced by drawings done by many of the men on *Punch*. Portraits by themselves of Sir Arthur Pinero, Sir Samuel Evans, John Lavery, Solomon J. Solomon, W. Orpen, Harry Furniss, Weedon Grossmith, and dozens more.

In these dreary days of war it is a good thing to have a laugh, and certainly many of the stories are piquant, while others make one pause for thought. It was an original idea, originally carried out, and the book appears

to be having a regular boom. Some of the best chapters are on Mr. Lloyd George, Sir Edward Carson, Arthur Balfour, Captain Scott, W. K. Haselden, Sir Ernest Shackleton; and Cunninghame Graham is not forgotten.

This indefatigable hostess has laid her cloths aside for the moment, and devotes all her time to work for soldiers and sailors. It was a fine compliment Lord French paid her at the opening of the Y.M.C.A. Lounge she and a few friends had put up to her son, and incidentally he thanked all the women of the Empire for what they had done for the soldiers. Many distinguished officers have signed their names on the cloths comprised in this delightful and very original volume.

FICTION

THE GOLDEN ARROW. By MARY WEBB. Constable. 6*s*.

Here is a notable tale of the Welsh borders, suggesting the early work of Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler and the more grim passages of Mr. Eden Phillpotts. There in its strong, emotional pages—some of them rise to the level of real tragedy—a particularly vivid and well-balanced piece of writing is the chapter devoted to the humbling of Lily by her biblical father. On each occasion that the author deals with the crudities of life her touch is sure and sincere. Altogether "The Golden Arrow" is splendid performance, and is sound evidence of great artistic capacity.

THE BROOK KERITH. By GEORGE MOORE. Werner Laurie, Ltd. 7*s*. 6*d*.

The Syrian story, as George Moore styles this work, is, of course, no new version of the Christ. It disposes of resurrection, and narrates the rescue of Jesus by Joseph after the crucifixion and his subsequent retreat as shepherd into the hills, where among the Essenes Paul twenty years later finds him; finds that he is the Christ no longer regarding himself as the "Son of Man," and that he, Paul, as the Christian, stands in the light of revelation which

Jesus himself refutes. And there the men part, Jesus voluntarily abandoning his intention to preach the fact of his humanity to the Jews, thus leaving the way open to Paul to continue his testification. This is not the place to inquire into the right or wrong of George Moore's version. He has evidently been studying the Bible very closely. He has turned out an astonishing *tour de force*.

Judged as a literary performance, this is incontestably a great book. Probably no living Briton could have written it, and it is curious to note how admirably the Irish idiom fits in with the dignity and simplicity of the form, so that the result is a gem of exquisite English, of a quite haunting charm, of an abiding beauty. No man but a fool or a bigot could take offence at the book. It is Moore's *chef d'œuvre*, the effort of a true artist.

Let any man read Chapter XI. if he wishes to see what English prose still can be. Indeed, all the narrative of Jesus is couched in singularly beautiful language, and though the book is long, and it is not quite apparent why Mr. Moore wrote it, except as a literary pleasure, the story is sustained even to the end, which fades away into an atmosphere of fatalism at once poetic and philosophic. We see George Moore almost as a Christian Scientist, though probably he is not aware of it. If Mrs. Eddy talks of God as "infinite manifestation," he makes Jesus say: "All things are God. There is but one thing, Paul, to learn to live for themselves. . . . God is in us. All things proceed from God; all things end in God; God like all the rest is a possession of the mind. God has not designed us to know him except through our conscience. Each man's conscience is a glimpse."

Or we may say it is Positivism—the creed of humanity. Perhaps it is the sympathy which astonishes most in George Moore's version of the Book. Plainly it has been a work of love, of intense spiritual exultation. It shows how near the artist is to the highest ecstasy, how near also to the uttermost simplicity. There is not a word wrong in the 400 odd pages. And we see how the Pagan can live in the spirit, even when the message of his spirit is humanism, and "if we would reach the sinless state we must relinquish pursuit." So George Moore speaks like a Greek, and presents us with a modern classic.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

TROOPER BLUEGUM AT THE DARDANELLES. By OLIVER HOGUE. Andrew Melrose, Ltd. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

Lieutenant Oliver Hogue, son of an ex-Australian Cabinet Minister, was a trained journalist on the staff of the *Sydney Morning Herald* when the Kaiser allowed himself to be tempted into embarking upon the conquest of Europe. For his insight into military questions that count, when such are put to the supreme test of war, young Hogue earned the special commendation of General Sir Ian Hamilton when he inspected the Commonwealth Forces. The description of his experiences as an Anzac, under the same General, incline to the belief that if this young Australian newspaper man could string together verses as he does vivid paragraphs our great Antipodean domain might have found itself in the possession of another Lindsay Gordon.

We may leave certain official military historians to serve up their somewhat tasteless dish of dry bones, carefully boiled down, with all the marrow extracted from them, and treated with their own special Whitehall sauce, for the benefit of those who shall thus be fortified to impress the man who does not know of their extensive knowledge of war as it never really was and never really will be. But for a true picture of war and the human equation, which is its most important element, such a book as that of this Colonial soldier-scribe is an antidote to our daily breakfast *communiqué* with its Xenophon-like catalogue of parasangs covered in the East and entrenchments occupied by contending forces engaged on the West.

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